The Country CAPTAINE, And the VARIETIE, Two COMEDIES,

Written by a Perſon of *HONOR*.

W:M:N.

Lately preſented by His *MAJESTIES* Servants, at the *Black-Fryers*.

LONDON,

Printed for *Hum*: *Robinſon* at the *Three-Pidgeons*, and *Hum*: *Moſeley* at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1649.

THE
COVNTRY CAPTAINE
A
COMOEDYE
LATELY PRESENTED
By his Majeſties Servants
at the Blackfryers.

IN 'sGRAVE VAN HAGHE.

Printed by SAMUELL BROUN Engliſh Bookeſeller at the Signe of the Engliſh Printing houſe in the Achter-ome.

Anno 1649.

The Actors Names.

Sir Richard Huntloe.

Sir Francis Courtwell.

Maſter Courtwell his Kinſman.

Mounſieur Device.

Vnderwit (a Captain of the Traindband.)

Sackbury, a Captaine.

Engine a Projector.

Thomas Servant to Vnderwit.

Lady Huntlove.

Her Siſter.

Dorothy a Chambermaid.

Servantes.

Footman.

Drawer.

A Prologue to the *Country Captaine.*

GAllants, I'le tell you what we doe not meane
To ſhew you here, a glorious painted Scene,
With various doores, to ſtand in ſtead of wit,
Or richer cloathes with lace, for lines well writ;
Taylors and Painters thus, your deare delight,
May prove your Poets onely for your ſight,
Not underſtandings, that will plainely ſee:
To write like wit, and that not prove to be,
It is a great miſtake in Poetrie.
Nor put you to ſchoole ith' poetique Mines,
Or have a Grammar made for new ſtrong lines,
And when with labour conſtrued, what they bring
Vnto your knowledge prove it juſt nothing;
So we bring nothing too, as well as they;
If not beleeve me, pray beleeve our play.

The

The Epilogue.

Before our play, I told you all my mind
What I did thinke it, and what you would find:
If your profounder judgements make me cry
You mercy, and your wit gives mine the lye,
I challenge you, if honour you'l embrace,
To meet me, but pray then appoint this place.
Ladies, your beauties challenge all the men,
I know they'l meete you, therefore come agen.

THE

COVNTRY CAPTAINE.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Vnderwit: & (his man) Thomas.

Vnd. COme my man *Thomas*, & my Fathers-old man *Thomas*, reioyce I ſay and Tryumph, thy Maſter is Honourable.

Tho. Then wee are all made.

Vnd. No; t'is only I am made.

Tho. What? if it pleaſe your Worſhip.

Vnd. I am made a Captaine of the traind-band *Thomas*, & this is my Commiſſion, this very paper hath made me a Captaine

Tho. Are you a paper-Captaine, Sir, I had thought more had gon to the making up of a Captaine.

Vnd. They are fooles that thinke ſoe: provided, he have the favour of the Lord Lieutenant of the County.

Tho. Which it ſeemes you have:

Vnd But the honour of it is more then the thing, *Thomas*, ſince I did not bribe the ſecretary, ſteward, or what ſervant elſe ſoever hath the Goverment of his lordſhip therein.

Tho. This is very ſtrange.

Vnd. Not ſo much as tranſitory wicker-bottles, to his deputy Lieutenant: no fuell for his winter no ſteeple ſugar-loaues to ſweeten his Neighbours at Chriſtmas no robbing my leane tenants of their fatt Capons or Chickens to preſent his Worſhip withall, *Thomas.*

Tho. I cry your Worſhip mercy, you ſhold him land the laſt terme, I had forgot that.

Vnd. I, that lay conveniently for him, & I us'd him like a Gentleman: tooke little or nothing: it were pitty, 2 or 3. Acres of dirt ſhould make friends fall out, we ſhould have gone to a fencing-ſchoole.

Tho. How Sir?

Vnd. I meane, Weſtminſter hall; & let one another blood in law,

Tho. And ſo the land parted you:

Vnd. Thou ſaieſt right, *Thomas*, it lies between both our houſes indeed: but now I am thus Dignified. (I thinke that a good word,) or intituled is better, but tis all one, ſince I am made a Captaine.

Tho. By your owne deſert & vertue.

Vnd. Thou art deceived: Tis by vertue of the commiſſion, the commiſſion is enough to make any man an Officer, without deſert,

Thomas,

Thomas, I muſt thinke, now, to provide me of warlike accoutrements, to accommodate, which coms of accommodo Shakeſpeare the firſt & the firſt.

Tho. Noe, Sir, it coms of ſoe much monies disburſed.

Vnd. In ſooth and ſo it does; *Thomas*, but take your table booke and remember to bring after me in the Country, (for I will goe downe with my Father in law, Sir *Richard*, this morning in the coach; let me ſee) firſt and formoſt a leager cloake; a buffe coate, and a payre of breeches. ---

Tho. Firſt and formoſt, Item a buffe coate, and a payre of breeches of the ſame cloath, --- *Writes.*

Vnd. A payre of bootes and ſpurs and a paire of ſhoos with out ſpurs.

Tho. Spurs --- *Writes.*

Vnd. A paire of gray ſtockens, thick dapple gray ſtockens. With a belt to be worne either about my ſhoulder or about my waſte.

Tho. Waſt. --- *Writes.*

Vnd. A London dutch felt, with out a band with a Feather in it.

Tho. With out a Feather in it. --- *Writes.*

Vnd. An old fox blade, made at houndſlow heath, and then, all the bookes can bee bought, of martiall diſcipline which the learned call Tacticks.

Tho. Ticktacks; if your Worſhip, would take my councell conſidering the leager at Barwick, And the late expedition wee may finde ſome of theſe things in the North or

elſe ſpeake with ſome reformed Captaine, & it may bee, wee may have them at cheaper rates.

Vnd. Tis true, *Thomas*, but I muſt change the lyning of the breeches, for I love to bee cleanly.

Tho. Soe you may Sir & have the fowlinge of them your ſelfe.

Vnd. Let me ſee, --- a leading ſtaffe.

Tho. A cane is a leadinge ſtaffe, in a Captaines hand.

Vnd But I muſt have taſſels, *Thomas*, and ſuch things

Tho. At the harneſſe of the cart-horſes there are taſſels; and bells two if you will.

Vnd. Bells, what ſhould I doe with them.

Tho. Ring all your Compaine in.

Vnd. Thou wouldeſt make me Captaine of a Morris Daunce: what ſerves the fifes and drum for I prethee.

Tho But does your worſhip thinke you ſhall endure the bounſing of the guns I obſerv'd you ever kept a great way of at the muſters.

Vnd. Thou ſhalt therefore every morninge goe a birding about my houſe, to enure mee to the report; by that tyme thou haſt killd up all my pidgeons, I ſhall endure the noyſe well enough.

Tho. But Sir you muſt have a dry nurſe as many Captaines have, let me ſee I can hire you an old limpinge decayed Seriant at Brainforde, that taught the boyes, hee that had his beard ſinged of at the laſt muſter, hee le doe it bravely.

Vnd.

Vnd. What muſt hee have.

Tho. Alas; Twenty pipes of bermud's a day; ſix flaggons of march beere, a quart of ſack in a weeke, (for hee ſcornes meate) and the kitchen wench to bringe the ſhirt, and the only band; (for cuffes hee getts none but ſuch, as his drunkeneſſe procures him with quarrelinge).

Vnd. No; I ſhall bee baſhfull to learne of a ſtranger: hum! thou ſhalt goe ſeeke out Captaine Sack berry.

Tho. Hee that weares noe mony in his ſcarlet hoſe, and when hee is drunke, is infected with counſaile?

Vnd. The very ſame; you'le finde him at his lodging in fleeteſtreete, or in the next taverne; give him this letter, tell him, I deſyre his Compaine this ſommer in the Country, hee ſhall have a horſe of myne ſaye, give him this gold too.

Tho. I hope tis gaming gold.

Vnd. Hee ſhall read warrs to me and fortification.

Tho. For a neede I could teach you to buil'a ſconce Sir.

Vnd. Beſides, hee is very valiant, hee beate me twice, when hee was drunke, but poore fellow I ask't him forgivneſſe the next day; make haſt good *Thomas*: and remember all the Taſticks.

Tho. I warrant you Sir, I know them well enough. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Richard Huntlove his Lady, and Miſtris Dorothy Waytinge.

Vnd. Soe, ſoe, heer's Sir *Richard Huntlove* and his *Lady*.

Sir Rich. Me thinkes hee lookes more ſprightly ſince hee was made a Captaine.

Vnd. Oh good Sir *Richard* indeede my face is the worſt thinge about mee: and yet it will ſerve at the muſter.

Dor. Serve; with reverence to the title, I have ſeene a Generall with a worſe countenance, it is a good leadinge face; and though you have noe cutt over the noſe, or other viſible ſcarres, which I doubt not but you may receave all in good time, It is a quarrelinge face, and fitt for a man of warr.

Vnd. I thanke you ſweete Miſtris *Dorothy*, I will comend you as much when you are in the Country; but doe you reſolve to goe downe this morning, Sir?

Sir Rich. By all meanes; Is your Siſter ready? bid the coach man, make haſt & have a care you leave none of your Trinketts behinde: after a little dialogue with my ſolicitor; I'le returne and then to coach.

Lad. But why is this expedition; this poſtinge out of towne; as if the Aire were infected?

Sir Rich. The truth is, my ſweete *Lady*, wee have no exchange in the Country no plaies; no maſques, no Lord maiors daies; no Balls; nor gally-foiſtes; not ſoe many Ladyes

Ladyes to viſitt, and weare out my coach wheeles, no daintie Madames in child bedd, to get you a longing when you come home, to lye in, with the ſame faſhon'd curtaines, and hangings, ſuch curious ſilver Andirons, Cup bord of plate and pictures; you may goe to church in the Country with out a new ſattin gowne, and play at penny gleeke with a Juſtice of peace his wife, and the parſon, ſhew your white hand, with but one dyamond when you carve, and not bee aſhamed to weare your owne weddinge ringe with the old poſie.

Lad. Soe Sir.

Sir Rich. There are no Doctors to make you ſick wife, no Legions of Lies, brought home by young gallants that fill my dyning Roome with fleas aud new faſhions; that will write verſes on the handle of your fann, and comend the education of your monkey which is ſo like their worſhips, as if they were all of one family.

Lad. You are pleaſant, Sir;

Sir Rich. I have no humor to provoking meates, I will downe and enter into a Chriſtian dyat; there is ſporte, Maddam, in killinge my owne partridges and phe ſants. my troutes will coſt me leſſe, then your lobſters and crafiſh, dreſt with Amber greeiſe, and I may renew my acquaintance with mutton & boyld chickens, & chines of beefe, entertayne my tennants that pay for my houſekeepinge all the yeare & thanke my worſhip at Chriſtmas, over & above their rents, with

Turkeyes & beeves of supererogation. You may gueſſe I have ſomereaſon to change the ayre, wife, and ſoe, I le leave you to prepare your ſelfe. You have my purpoſe and you may expect me. *Exit.*

Lad. How ever hee pretends, and poynts at charge which makes his ſtay unpleaſant, tis his Jealouſie that ſtrykes him into Wildneſſe, and diſlike of all thinges heere: hee does not uſe me well. Where is my Siſter?

Dor. In her cloſett Madame. I muſt wayte upon my *Lady*, ſweete Captaine.

Exit Dorothy.

Vnd. This wench has a notable witt; if I have any Judgment: I doe not thinke but ſhee is in-love with me, if I thought ſhee were not given to bee with childe I would examine her Abilities, but theſe waytinge women are ſoe fruitfull, they have not the vertue of concealement. Touch a Chambermaide and Take a childe, every thinge workes with their ſoluble bodyes.

Enter Monſi.ur Device.

Dev. Noble Maſter *Vnderwit*?

Vnd. I know not whom you meane, Sir. Hee that commands the family in cheefe hath bin honored with a ſwoorde, and bid riſe Sir *Richard*; who is but my Father in law by a former wife: for Maſter *Vnderwit*, whom to ſalute, you humble your cloath of gold dublett, (I ken not the, wight:)

Dev. Doe not you know, noble Sir?

Vnd.

Vnd. Vpon even tearmes I may call your name to memory, but if you understand not my addition, tis honorable to forgett the best friend I have.

Dev. What's the mystery of this your addition? pray honour me to know it.

Vnd. Hee that was Master *Vnderwit*; is made a Captaine; you may if you please take notice of his title.

Dev. I crie you mercy, noble Captaine, and congratulate your addition of honour, It was Ignorance I professe made me salute you with a wrong preface. And now, Captaine, I shall bee proude to march under the Ensigne of your favour.

Vnd. Friend *Device*, how does thy body? I am thy Vassale: you preserve your tropes & your elegancies: what fancyes doe adorne to day? if I were a Constable, I might apprehend you upon suspition, you had Robb'd a Pedler, does this thatch't cottage hold in fashion? what paid you for your dead mans hayre, where is your night rayle; the last tyme I saw you was in a shop in fleetestreete, where, at complyment and bare to an other Gentleman, I tooke him for a barber, and I thought you by the wilde lynnen about your neck to have been under correction, in the suddes; Sir;

Dev. Wee are governd by the mode, as waters by the moone but there are more changes in the one then in the other: but, now I talke of water, does your command extend to the sea, or, the Land service.

Vnd. I never ſaw the ſea in my life, or intend it.

Dev. You are not the firſt Captaine that has ſeene noe ſervice, tis time loſt, to travell for it, when a man may bee a commander at home. Why, I never traveld my ſelfe.

Vnd. No Sir?

Dev. And yet I underſtand the garbes, from the Elevation of your pole to the humble galoſh.

Vnd. Can your hanches play well, in theſe cloſe cut breeches? they want but a pummell; to diſtinguiſh them from trowſes.

Dev. O Sir, there is a perfect Geometry in the breeches, you doe not obſerve the circumference & Diameter of your cloake; the Moralitye of your fancy, nor the gentle play and poyſe of your Lemon, Orainge, or Mellon: This is gentry; why, I underſtand all the curioſities of the mode to the Mathematicall point, and yet I never traveld my ſelfe for it.

Vnd. Theſe are extraordinary parts, Alas a Captaine has but fiftie or a hunderd at moſt to looke after; And all they have not ſoe much witt as your French Lacquey and what neede any travell to inſtruct them? I can teach them their motions by worde of mouth or manuſcript and when they come to fight my Country men will retreat naturally.

Enter Lady and her Siſter.

Lad. Now in revenge, could I bee ſick, but

but that I would not bee a priſoner to my chamber. Theſe ſuſpitions will make women doe ſtrange things ſomtimes.

Siſt. Of whome doe you thinke hee ſhould be Jealous Siſter?

Lad. Of Duke *Aeneas* in the hanginges.

Siſt. I hope hee has no ſuſpition of my ſervants that under pretence of formall courtſhip to me, they ſhould with you practice diſhonour, ther's one would weare my livery.

Lad. Device, hange him, out-ſide, no; my husband can excuſe his folly and would have him the ſtate foole, his garbes are ſoe ridiculous.

Siſt. What opinion (ſtill with confidence of your cleare thoughts) holdes hee of the Knight Sir *Francis Courtwell* that often viſites us?

Lad Sure, a noble one; if I may aske my inocency, yet I finde him very Amorous, my husband loves him: hee is a powerfull friend at court, whoſe favor is worth preſervinge: *Siſter*, I confeſſe his nobleneſſe & perſon have prevailed with me to give him ſtill the firſt welcom my modeſty & honour will permitt: but if I thought my husband had a ſcruple his viſites are not honourable, I ſhould ſoone declare how much, I wiſh his Abſence.

Vnd. Your *Miſtris* and my *Lady*, I have ſom affaires require diſpatch, I'le leave you to them: Hiſt Miſtris *Dorothy*. *Exit with Dorothy.*

Siſt. My wittie ſervant.

Lad. Monſieur *Device*.

Dev.

Dev. I bleſſe my lips with your white hands.

Lad. You come to take your leave as knowinge by inſtinct wee have but halfe an hower to ſtay.

Siſt. Wee are for the Country as faſt as the Flandres mares can trott, Sir.

Dev. That is a ſolæciſme, till the court remove, are you affrayd of the ſmalle pox?

Siſt. The leſſe, the better for a gentlewoeman.

Dev. And the greate, more gentile for a Cavalier, by this glove a pretty embrodery; is it not? you muſt not deprive us ſo ſoone of your ſweete preſence why ther's a ball to night in the ſtrand, And to morrow I had a purpoſe to wayte upon you to the pictures I have be ſpoake, Regallias there are too, there will bee a new play ſhortly, a prity play, ſome ſay, that never heard it; A Coimedy written by a profeſſed ſcholler: he ſcornes to take monie for his witt, as the Poets doe.

Lad. Hee is charitable to the Actors.

Siſt. It may bee repentance enough in them to play.

Dev. You muſt ſtay & quitt your opinion; what will become of mee when you are gone; *Lady?*

Siſt. If your devotion catch not cold, you may breath your barbary, & viſite us where you may be confident of your welcome.

Dev. I dare as well doubt I was Chriſtened; but pray let us viſite the Exchange, & take a trifle to wear for my ſake before you goe; what ſay you Madame, my owne coach is at dore

dore the lyninge is very rich and the horſes are very well matched.

Lad. Alas! wee expect, upon my husbands returne; to take coach immediately.

Siſt. But if wee may ſee you in the Country; you will doe us honour.

Dev. You invite me to my happineſſe: I can play well on the Gittarr, I thinke your muſick is but courſe, there; wee'le have a Country dance after ſupper & a ſonge, I can talke loud to a Theorbo and that's calld ſinging; now you ſhall heare my ballade.

Siſt. Did you make a ballade?

Dev. Oh I; the greateſt witt lyes that way now; A pittifull complaint of the *Ladyes* when they weere baniſh'd the towne with their husbands to their Country howſes; compel'd to change the deare delights of Maſques & revells, for waſſailes and windy bagpipes, in ſteede of ſilken fairies tripping in the banquettinge roome to ſee the clownes ſell fiſh in the hall; ride the wild mare and ſuch Olimpicks: till the plow-man breake his crupper at which the merry villagers & plumbporridge men boyle ouer while the dayrie maid laments the defect of his chine and hee poore man diſabled for the trick, endeavors to ſtifle the noyſe & Companie with perfumminge his breeches.

Lad. This muſt bee our recreation too.

Enter Sir Francis Courtwell.

Dev. Who is this?

Lad.

Lad. It is Sir *Francis Courtwell*; (you cannot choose but know him.) This must bee a favor Sir, to visite us at parting.

Fran. I came with other expectation Madam, then to heare this; what misfortune doth conclude this towne soe unhappie.

Lad. Tis my husbands pleasure, affrighted with some dreame hee had last night for I can guesse no other cause.

Fran. Could he bee capable of fright and you soe neere him?

Dev. Hee cannot choose but know me then; Sir, I kisse your noble hand, and shall bee stellified in your knowledge.

Fran. What thinge is this, that lookes soe like a race nagg trick'd with ribbands?

Sist. He is one of my Inamoratos, Sir, they call him Monsieure *Device*.

Fran. Lady, your faire excuse, hee has it seemes some confidence to prevaile upon your liking, that hee hath bought soe many bridelaces.

Sist. You may interpret him a walkinge mirth.

Fran. Hee moues upon some screw, & may be kinsman to the Engine that is drawen about with cake bread, but that his out syde's brighter.

Dev. Sir *Francis Courtwell*.

Fran. That is my name, Sir.

Dev. And mine Monsieure *Device*.

Fran. A French man, Sir.

Dev. No Sir, an English Monsieur made up by a Scotch tailor that was prentice in France

France I ſhall write my greateſt ambition ſatisfied if you pleaſe to lay any commands upon mee.

Fran. Sweete Lady I beſeech you muzzell your beagle I dare not truſt my ſelfe with his folly elſe hee may deſerve more beating then I am willing to beſtow at this tyme.

Siſt. Take truce a little ſervant.

Fran. Will you conſider, Madame; yet how much a wounded heart may ſuffer?

Lad. Still the old buſineſſe; indeede you make me bluſh, but, I forgive you; if you will promiſe to ſolicite this unwelcome cauſe no more.

Fran. Tis my deſire; I take no pleaſure in a pilgrimage If you inſtruct a neerer way: t'is in your ſelfe to ſave your eares the trouble of my pleadinge, Madame, if with one ſofte breath you ſay I am intertained, but for one ſmile, that ſpeakes conſent; you make my life your ſervant.

Lad. My husband, Sir.

Fran. Deſerves not ſuch a treaſure to him ſelfe, and ſtarve a nobler ſervant.

Lad. You but plead for vanitie, for if I could, forgetting my honour and my modeſtie, allow your wild deſires, it were impoſſible that wee ſhould meete more then in thought & ſhaddow.

Fran. If thoſe ſhaddowes bee but darke enough, I ſhall account it happineſſe to meete you; but refer that to opportunity which our kinde Starrs, in pittie will ſoone offer to both our Joyes.

Lad.

Lad. But hee is very Jealous.

Fran. That word assures my victory, I never heard any wife accuse her husband of cold neglect, or Jealousie, but she had a confirm'd thought with in to trick his forehead. *Assi.* It is but Justice Madame, to reward him, for his suspicious thoughts.

Lad. Doe you think it fitt, to punish his suspition; yet perswayd to act the sinn hee feares?

Fran. Custome and nature makes it lesse offence in women to comitt the deede of pleasure then men to doubt their charities, this flowing from poysoned natures, that excused by fraylties, yet I have heard, the way to cure the feare has bin the deede, at truth the scruples vanish. I speake not, Madame, with a thought to suffer a fowle breath, whisper your white name, for hee that dares traduce you, must beleeve me dead, for my fame twisted with your honnor must not have pitty on the accusers blood.

Dev. I will attend you in the Country, I take my leave and kisse your Ivory hand, Madame, and yours, Sir *Francis* your obliged. *Exit.*

Fran. You blesse me with this promise; how can you *Lady* suffer this impertinent afflict you thus?

Sist. Alas my Parrots dead, and hee suplies the prattle, In the seeing and fall hee le save mee charge of phisick in purging melancholy

Fran. If you dare accept a servant *Lady*, upon

upon my commends I would preſent a kinſman to you, who ſhall not want a fortune, nor; I hope, a merit to poſſeſſe your fayre opinion.

Siſt. You doe not ſay hee's handſome, all this while, and that's a mayne conſideration; I would not have a man ſoe, tall as a maſt; that I muſt clyme the ſhroudes to kiſſe him, nor ſoe much a dwarfe, that I muſt uſe a multiplyinge glaſſe to know the proportion of his lymmes, a great tall man is a houſe with too much garret, and his head full of nothinge but lumber: if hee bee too rownd, againe, he is only fit to bee hunge up in a chriſtall glaſſe. The truth is, the man I have, muſt pleaſe me at firſt ſight, If he take my eye; I may take more tyme to examine his talent.

Fran. Doe you but grace him with acceſſe, and Aske your fancy *Lady* how you can affect him.

Enter Vnderwit.

Vnd. Come away couzen; Sir *Richard's* come and calls for you the coach-man is ready to mount; Noble Sir *Francis*, becauſe you may not looſe breath; you may call me Captaine if it pleaſe you, of the trayne band.

Siſt. Tis very certaine;

Fran. I Congratulate your tytle, Sir.

Vnd. If you come into the Country you ſhall ſee mee doe as much with my leading ſtaffe as an other.

Fran. You will not thraſh your men?

Vnd.

Vnd. If I did, it weere not the first tyme I have thrashed, if I finde my soldiers tractable they shall finde mee but a resonable Captaine.

Enter Sir Richard, Lady & Dorothy.

Sir Rich. Sir *Francis* I am sorry the violence of my affaires will not lett me entertaine you to my Wishes, pray honnour us with your presence in the Country if you can dispence with your imployment, where I shall satisfie, for this hast of my departure.

Fran. I shall attend you Sir; and present a kinsman of myne to this virgin *Lady*; hee is like to bee master of no narrow fortune: it was my businesse at this time to prepare his accesse.

Sir Rich. He shall have my vote, for your sake Sir *Francis*, come Madame.

Fran. I le waite upon you to your coach, and there I'le take my leave.

Vnd. Sweete Mistrisse *Dorothy*. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Captaine Sackbury (reading a letter) and Thomas.

Sack. Hum! hum! where's the gold.

Tho. Heere Sir, one, two, three, foure, five.

Sack.

Sack. Thou haſt learnd the cinque-pace *Thomas*, is the gold right.

Tho. I hope ſoe Sir.

Sack. Hum! into the Country, thou haſt a horſe, too.

Tho. Not about me Sir, but he's ready all but bridling & ſaddling at our Inne, Captaine, my Maſter ſayes you ſhall be troubled with noe horſe but his.

Sack. Why is he lame? Hum! make haſt; as you will preſerve the reputation of your true frend and ſervant; ſo; ſo; comend mee to him *Thomas*; I will not faile to viſite him.

Tho. Yoy may demand the nagg; if you aske for Humphery the oſtler by the ſame token he has bien there theſe four dayes and had but one peck of provender.

Sack. Enough I will not faile, I ſay farewell, honeſt *Thomas*, a Lincolne farewell; comend me to the traine band:

Th. Pray doe not fall a drinking & forgett it. Bo'y noble Captaine. *Exit.*

Enter Monſiuur Courtwell.

Sack. My expectation of the law, well mett.

Court. I am glad to ſee you Captaine

Sack. Is thy ſight perfect: thy peering upon ſtatutes and booke caſes makes me ſuſpect, but doeſt thou thinke to bee a *Dominus jac totum* on the Bench, and Live a Civill Lawer.

Court. You are merry.

Sack. Tis more then thou haſt bin this twelve-

twelvemoneth, thou haſt loſt thy complexion, by too much ſtudy. Why thou ſhalt bee an heire and rule the roaſte of halfe a ſhire, if thy Father would but dye once, come to the Aſſiſes with a band of Ianiſaries to equall the grand Signior, all thy tennants ſhall at their owne charge make them ſelfes fine & march, like Cavaliers with tyltinge feathers gaudy as *Agamemnons* in the playe after whom thou like a *St George* on horſe back, or the high Sheriffe, ſhallt make the Country people fall downe in Adoration of thy crupper & ſilver ſturrup, my right worſhipfull. A pox on buckoram and the luggage in it, papers defild with court hand and long daſhes or ſecretary lines, that ſtraddle, more then Frenchmen, and leſſe wholſome to the client! Is thy head to bee fild with *Peoclamations Rejoyndere* & hard words beyond the *Alkemiſt*? Be ruld, and live like a fine Gentleman, that may have hawkes, and hounds, and whores; and horſes, and then thou art fit Companie.

Court. You talke wildly; I would you ſaw your error; that plaee all your happineſſe upon ſuch courſe delights I ſhould degenerate, and too much forfeit my education.

Saek. Education? hee has gott a tune; I doe not thinke but thou wilt leave thy law, And exerciſe thy talent in compaſsing ſome Treatiſes againſt *long-hayre & drinkinge* that moſt unchriſtian weede, yclept *Tobacco*: preach to the Punies of the Inne ſobrietie & abſtinence from ſhaving of leawd Bailiffes that

that wil com ſhortly to your chamber doores & there with reverence intreate your Worſhips come forth and bee arreſted: pretious tad-poles: I would not willingly diſpaire of thee; for thy Lands ſake and cauſe I am thy Countryman: one generous vagary, if thou wert wiſe, would breake ſom bodies heard, within a ſeaven night, & then thou art lord of all; have but the grace to dine with me at the Taverne, and I'le tell thy Freinds, there is ſome hope.

Court. My Freinds.

Sack. Thy Father is in Eſſex, if hee live, hee will, purchas Rumford if he dye ſooner, then the Town's our owne, Spend but an acre a day and thou maieſt live till all the world bee weary of thee; betweene, us too, what thinke you of a wench?

Court. Nothinge.

Sack. You meane, one wench betweene us too is nothing; I know a hundred Leverettes; things that will bound like a dancer on the rope, and kiſſe thee in thy naturall Complexion; a ſinner that will climbe thee like a ſquirrell.

Court. And crack me as a nutt; I have no kirnell to ſpare for her ſweete tooth.

Sack. That was a metaphor; he is not deſperate.

Court. Buy' my deere Captaine.

Sack. Why farewell Countryman. I may live to ſee thy converſion. *Exit.*

Enter Footman.

Court. How does my Vncle.

Foot.

Foot. He desires presently to speake with you at his lodging.

Court. I'le attend him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vnderwit and Thomas.

Vnd. And hast thou been care full of all those thinges I gave in charge to bee provided?

Tho. There is a noate of the particulars.

Vnd. Tis very well done, *Thomas*, let mee see, Inprimis.

Tho. The Captaine will not faile to bee with you Sir, hee was not at his lodging, and enquiring at the horne Taverne, I heard hee had bin there with two or three cittizens that owed him monie.

Vnd. That hee owed monie too.

Tho. Tis all one I thinke; Sir; for when Captaines have not pay, Creditors may pay themselves, here they said, he did mollifie the heart of the habberdasher,& dranke himselfe a little mellow ere they parted which gave me some hope I might finde him ere night, at the devill, where indeede I fetch'd him out of the fire, and gave him your letter.

Vnd. And the gold too.

Tho. That was the first word Hee read, if you had writte it in text, hee could not have fownd it out soe soone, his eye was no sooner on the inside, but his arme flew out with an open month, and his very fingers ends cry'd give me the gold which presuming to bee weight he put into his *hocus pocus* a little dormer under his right skirt, and

and soe taking his word to come downe and turninge over your horse to him with some caution, not to be drunke and forget your worship, I tooke my leave and went about my Inventory.

Vnd. These thinges are very right *Thomas*, let me see now the bookes of Martiall discipline.

Tho. I bought up all that seeme to have relation to warr and fighting.

Vnd. That was well done, well done; Item the *sword-salve*.

Tho. Sir if you bee hurt you neede goe no further then the blade for A surgeon.

Vnd. The *Buckler of faith*.

Tho. You had the *sword* before, Sir.

Vnd. A *booke of Mortification*.

Tho. I Sir, that is A kinde of killing, which I thought very necessary for A Captaine.

Vnd. Item the *Booke of Common*; *Shakspeares* workes. Why *Shakspeares* workes?

Tho. I had nothing for the Pike men before.

Vnd. They are playes.

Tho. Are not all your musterings in the country soe, Sir? pray read on.

Vnd. *Bellarmines* Controverses, in Sixe tomes.

Tho. That I tooke upon the stationers word, who had been A pretty scholler at *Paules*, for the word *Bellarmine*, he said, did comprehend warr, weapons & words of defiance. Ill words provoake men to draw their swords and fightinge makes an end of the businesse.

and all this is controverſies, pray goe on Sir.

Vnd. Two *payre of Tables*; Tables? for what?

Tho. Oh Sir for Ticktack; you know it was in my note, which though I doubted at firſt yet conſideringe you were newly made A Captaine I conceave it was fitt you ſhould learne to ſett & order your men.

Vnd. Tacticks man; thou didſt miſtake: they are bookes of warr.

Tho. You cannot know theſe from bookes as they are painted I warrant you.

Vnd. Why doeſt thou thinke theſe will make A Soldier.

Tho. Not of them ſelves, Sir, and therefore I provided; pleaſe you reade on Sir.

Vnd. Parſons reſolutions, & *Feltams* Reſolves.

Tho. All is nothing, I know Sir without reſolution.

Vnd. Somma totalis 23. 19. and 7. thou haſt undon me.

Tho. If you doe not like the penny worthus; Tis but the charges of my ſelfe and a horſe againe to London: I will looſe but the three odd pownds nynteene ſhillings & ſeavenpence. It may bee you doe not underſtand theſe Authors; when the Captaine comes, hee will expounde them to you.

Vnd. What a Coxcombe have I to my man? but I dare not bee angry with him, well; carry them into my ſtudy; *Thomas.* *Exit.*

Exit

Enter Device.

Dev. My most honored Captaine.

Vnd. My compleate Monsieur *Device*: This is a grace to us; you come to visite your Mistresse my couzen.

Enter Lady, Sister, & Dorothey.

And see as if by instinct, shee had knowledge of your approach, shee is come to meet you: shall I never gett opportunitie with that shee waiter. If I gett her with child my mah *roome* shall marry her.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. Sir the Captaine is newly alighted.

Vnd. Get a bottle of sack up to my chamber presently.

Lad. You are a Gentleman of your word.

Sist. And such a Gentleman is to be trusted:

Dev. Hee is an Infidell Madam, that will breake his word with A *Lady*.

Sist. I suspect servant you have many Mistresses.

Dev. Not by this white hand, I must acknowledge there are some *Ladyes* in the court in whose eyes & opinions I am favor'd, I cannot obscure my selfe from their observations: but my heart with contempt of all other indeerements, is only devoted to your service.

Sist. Is it not a charge to dresse your selfe in such varieties of Ribbands every day?

Dev. Is that your scruple? tis the mode to expresse our fancy upon every occasion; to shew the turne, or present state of our hopes or feares in our affections. Your colours, to an understandinge lover, carry the interpretation of the heart, as plainly as wee expresse our meaninge one to an other in Characters. Shall I decypher my colours to you now; heere is Azure & peach. Azure is constant, and peach is love; which signifies my constant affection.

Lad. A prettie Morall.

Dev. It saves the trouble of writinge, where the Mistresse and servant are learned in the Amorous Blazon, yester day I wore fuille-mote; greedeline, and Isabella; fuille-mote is withered, greedeline is absent, and Isabella is beauty: which put together exprest'd, I did wither or languish for your absent beautie.

Sir. But is there any reason for their distinctions?

Dev. Yes *Lady* for example, your fuille-mote is a withered leafe; which does morrallize decay; your yellow is joy, because:—

Lad. Why yeallow Sir is jealous.

Dev. Noe it is your lemon colour, a pale kinde of yeallow is jealous; your yeallow is perfect joye: your white is death, your milke white Innocent, your Black moorninge, your orange sprightfull, your flesh colour lascivious, your maid-blush envie, your red is defiance, your gold avaritious, your straw plentie,

plentie, your grasse greene, hope; your sea greene Innocent, your violett, religious; your willow, forsaken.

Sist. Wee may then committ a solecisme & be strangely interpreted by some curious expounders in the rash election and wearinge of our colours, I perceave.

Lad. Tis pittie but there should bee some bookes written for our instructions in this Art.

Dev. Your Hieroglyphick was th' Ægiptian wisdome. Hebrewes had their Caball; the Romans had their symbolle, and Imprese, & Embleme, but these are absolute. Your moderne Invention of Character, an Alphabeticall key trite and conspicuous, your *motto* or *rebus*, too open, and demonstrative but the science and curiositie of your Ribbands, is not only instructive but an ornament, and the neerest comentator of love, for as love is entertain'd first by the eye, or, to speake more plaine; as the object affected is tooke in first by these opticks, which receave the species of things coloured & beautified, soe it is answerable to nature that in the progresse of our passion wee should distingvish by our eye the change or constancie of our affections, in Apt, and significant colours.

Sist. You have taken paines, to study this learned Blazon.

Dev. It is the only gentile knowledge; or Phylosophy in the world: I will undertake to open any man or womans heart. ---

Lad. Heaven forbid.

Dev. Tell the moſt ſecrett imaginations & deſignes, conclude every paſſion and ſcruple if they be but carefull to obſerve the Artificiall Method of their Colours.

Siſt. Why this may bee a way of fortune rellinge too.

Dev. You ſaie right *Lady*. Phyſiognomy & Chiromancy are but meere trifles, your geomancy meere conjecturall, the erection of your ſcheme circumſtantiall, and fallible: but your queint a la Mode weare of your fancy, more then Aſtrologicall.

Lad. Tis a kinde of divinitie.

Dev. You ſaie true Madam & comes neere to propheticall, if the mindes of Ladyes and Gentlemen were elevated to the ſublime conſideration.

Siſt. What paines hee takes to bee ridiculous? *Aſide.*

Dor. This Gentleman has a notable fancy, and talkes Poetically.

Siſt. Yes; yes; hee can make Verſes.

Dor. Well I have red Authors in my dayes and knew the length of the Poets in my time too which was an Hexameter, and which A Pentameter, but the witts are not, as they have been, right and ſtraight.

Siſt. Why *Dorothey*.

Dor. Why becauſe winde is the cauſe of many things, now if the winde bee not in the right corner, it is, the ill winde, the proverbe ſpeakes of, which blowes no body good, for when vapors and winde flye up into the head it

cannot

cannot bee in two places at one time and that is the reaſon your men of moſt wit doe ſeldome love A woman. But heere coms my Maſter and Sir *Francis*.

Enter Sir Richard; Sir Francis and Maſter Courtwell.

Sir Rich. This is a double honnor to us Sir *Francis*; I ſhall want Langvage, but not A frendly heart, to entertaine you and your noble Kinſman. What my exquiſite Cavaliere *Device*? Tis to no purpoſe, I ſee, to remoue into the Country, to ſave charges and bee quiet. the whole Cittie will come hither, if I ſtay: I have no ſtomack to my court knight. *Aſide.*

Fran. I hope Madam, you will bee no Enemie to my Kinſman.

Lad. Siſter I preſent this Gentleman; obſerve & cheriſh him; hee has bin in the univerſitie.

Siſt. Any degree Sir?

Court. Only batchelour, forſooth.

Sir Rich. If he winn you to mariage; *Lady* Quickſillver.

Siſt. Hee will bee Maſter of his Arte.

Sir Rich. My vote is for him.

Dev. I like not the induction of this Rivall.

Sir Rich. Hee ſtudies the law: and that is the next high way to preferment, *Siſter*.

Siſt. Indeede it is the high way in which ſome deliver up their purſes: he may clymbe to ſcarlett, but that hee has ſo good a face:

Dev. Sir, I hope ——

Sir Ric. Troth doe not Sir, I meane trouble your ſelfe, he is to baſhfull to prevaile upon your ſpirited Miſtreſſe, let's leave them.

Exeunt Engine.

Engine. Sir *Richard.*

Sir Rich. More Cuſtomers; Maſter *Engine*, welcome, your preſence was expected in the Country.

Eng. I was my Ambition with ſome intents to ſerve you, Sir, pleaſe you vouchſafe your privacie, I bringe affaires worth your entertainement; I have rid hard.

Court. What Cavaliere is this unkle?

Fran Hee is the inventor of new projects cozen, they ſaye, and pattents; one that liues like a moth upon the comon wealth.

Court. He lookes like one.

Sir Ric. You will excuſe me gentlemen. Make much of Sir *Francis* Madame. *Exit.*

Fran. Wee'le leave my Nephew and your Siſter Madame: And take A turne in the garden. *Exit, with Lady.*

Siſt. You may bee confident.

Dev. I doe not like the fancy in his hat: that Gules is warr and will bee ominous. *Exit.*

Court. I muſt ſeeme a modeſt coxcombe now to preſerve my uncles Character.

Siſt. The Gentleman is turn'd Statue, bleſſe me how he ſtares upon me, and takes roote: I thinke it moves, and now to earth is fix'd againe; oh how it walkes and ſadly marches

this way? Is't not a ghost? hee'le fright me; oh, sweet Sir, speake if you can and saie who murdered you: it pointes at me: my eyes, ungentle eyes to kill soe at first sight; I'le have my lookes Arraign'd for't & small cupid shall bee judge who for your sake will make me blinde, as hee is.

Court. *Lady*

Sist. The man is a live againe and has A tounge, discretion guide it; hee but sent his soule forth of an Errant; tis return'd; now wee shall have some sentences.

Court. Such, are the strange varieties of loue,
Such heates, such desperate colds —

Sist. No more winter if you loue me; unlesse you can command the coale pitts; wee have had a hard time of it already, for want of fuell.

Court. I'm all turn'd eares, and, *Lady*, long to heare you;
But, pressing to you, doubt I am to neare you.
Then I would speake but cannot, nought affords
Expression, the Alphabet's to poore in words.
Hee that knowes loue knowes well that every hower
Love's glad; love's sweete —

Sist. And some times sower.
These wordes would goe well to a Tune, pray let's heare you singe: I doe not thinke but you can make mee A Jointure of foure Nobles a yeare in ballads, in lamentable ballads, for your witt lyes Tragicall, did not you make the *Ladyes downfall*: you expresse

a passion rarely, but pray leave your complents, and say somthinge in blanke verse before you goe.

Court. Before I goe; breath not that killinge Langvage;
There is no Sun but in your eyes: and when
I once take leave of those Celestiall beames
Tis darkneſſe through the world.

Sist. Oh; pittifull; if I were a widdow then
you'ld keepe me waking for feare I shut my
eyes, and your discretion loose the way
home.

Court. Where strech'd on sable grownd, I
downe shall lay
My mournefull body, and with foulded
Armes;
Heare sadder notes upon the Irish harpe;
And while my Footman playes; figh out my
part,
And drop division with my brinish teares.

Sist. This must bee lamentable musique sure

Court. But I will finde an Art to cure the
Wound;
For I with fancies pencill, will so draw
Your picture in the table of my heart
Your absence shall but like darke shaddowes
stand,
To sett you of, and see you, *Lady* better
Then love will let me when I looke upon you

Sist. Could this bee true and meant, I wee
Sir, to me;
I should be kinder then the gendest spring
That warmes the world, & makes feirce
beastes soe tame

And trees to swell themselves to cheerefull greene
More jocond then the proudest Quire of birdes,
What ere they bee, that in the woods soe wide
Doe singe their merry catches.
Sure hee does but counterfeit. *Aside.*

Court. Oh now I see that love
Is sweete, as flowers in their fragrant birth,
Gentle as silk; and kinde as cloudes to earth.

Sist. One rithme more and you undoe my loue for ever, out upon it; Peddlers French is a Christian language to this. I had rather you should put me a case out of Littleton: they saye you are a prettie lawyer.

Court. Tennant par la curtesy d'Angliterre, est lou home prent famme seise en fee simple est fee taile generall en seise comme heire de la taile especial & ad Issu per la mesme feme male ou female ōpes ou nise soit Issue apres mort ou en diu de la feme devie la baron tiendra la terra durant sa vie per le ley d'Angliterre.

Sist. Nay heere is enough in conscience: what a noyse this confusion of Languages makes; this is almost as good as A beare baytinge, harke you Sir, you are never like to recover me by law.

Court. You are not the first sweete *Ladye*, has ben overcome in common law.

Sist. Not by ten thowsand, Sir: Confessed, but I have no minde to come to Issue with A lawyer: whenhee should consider my case at

home, hee'le be at Westminster teaching men theire statutes! no; no; I will not marry a Judge.

Court. Why *Lady.*

Sist. They are casuall thinges and men that hold such strange opinions. they are not safe; no, not in their owne lambskins.

Court. *Lady* you may bee misinform'd; Astræa hath not quite left the earth and the Abuses of some, which shame the callinge, are but like patches of beautie on the face of law to sett the Native whitenesse off.

Sist. Farewell; Sir; you are in loue with a bar'd Gowne, not beauty; if you will follow my learn'd counsell, leave it. This younge thinge is a foole or a fine fellow. *Exit.*

Court. Shee kicks and flinges out like a colt unwayd. Her witt's a better portion then her monie I would not love her, yet, if I could helpe it. (My Vnkle and his Mistresse) I'le not hinder them. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis and the Lady.

Lad. It is no honour, Sir, if Arm'd with so much eloquence, you overcome A woman; I blush to say I loue you now too much. I wish you would release what your Sweete charmes wonn from my toungue: I shall repent my promise.

Fran. Make me not miserable, after soe much blessinge. Why, Madame, it is upon honorable tearmes since not upō the first attempt, but, after a tedious seige to your faire loue, you give up what shall enrich us both:

It were A ſinn to feare you can retract what both our lipps have ſeald, and looſe a happineſſe ſo neere & ſo ſecure; your husband holds his pleaſure of early huntinge conſtant, and when hee perſues his timorous hart to morrow morninge, Cupid will wayte, to bringe me to Elizium, your bedd, where every kiſſe will new create us.

Lad. You muſt bee wiſe in your excuſe to quitt his importunitie.

Fran. Leave that to me, I were not worth the name of him that ſerv'd you to loſe my glorious hope for want of ſuch a thin *Device*; In your thoughte wiſh mee proſperous & I am fortified againſt the power of fate to ſeparate us; and when thou art with in the Amorous Circle of myne Armes, wee will make lawes to love, teach time new Actions, or chaine him with the cordadge of his haire, like a tame thing to wake and watch our pillow; and bee our pleaſures centenell.

Lad. I ſee my husband, tis not ſafe hee ſhould obſerve us. Bee wiſe & conſtant. *Exit.*

Fran. All thats ſweete attend thee. Soe; I am ſaylinge now to my owne Indies and ſee the happie coaſt too, how my winges doe ſpread to catch the winde which coms to cover them. And the greene ſea enamord on my barke, doth leape to ſee how cupid ſits, at the helme & ſteeres my ſoule to his new world.

Enter Sir Richard and Engine.

Sir Rich. A monopoly, ſay you, for periwiggs?

Fran.

Fran. Bin visitinge your grounds?

Sir Rich. My hounds rather, Sir *Francis*, and some horses; that takes up my Country recreations; tis Supper time.

Eng. If not a rare designe? and by such Arts and reasons I can name most beneficiall to the common wealth, preventing the diseases which some unwholesome haire breedes in mens heads. It will bee worth our agitation Sir, & you after the rate of every thowsand *per Annum* milkt out of the common purse into your owne, may easily defalke to me a hundred for my first projection; did I not love you, Sir, I could make coine of other *Abill* men that would bee glad to multiply their mony.

Sir Rich. Sir, I thanke you, but have no mind to thrive upon abuse of my princes favour, nor the Peoples curse. Heere is a Gentleman, S.r *Francis Courtwell*, perhaps, will undertake it.

Fran. What; Sir *Richard*?

Sir Rich. A monopoly for composing and sellinge of periwiggs.

Fran. Excuse me Sir, I dare not deale in them; doe not you heare things of this nature questioned?

Eng. How Sir questioned?

Fran. There's one among the rest, I cannot hitt upon his name in faire election to be hanged, one *Engine*.

Eng. Oh Sir.

Fran. What ayle you Sir?

Eng. A meagrim in my head.

Enter

Enter Servants & Thomas.

Sir Rich. Who's there? looke to Maſter *Engine* here, hee faints, & ſend to your *Lady* for ſome cordiall waters preſently.

Tho. There is a ſoveraine well hard by, has done ſtrange cures, pleaſe you; I'le throw him into that. *Exit.*

Sir Rich. Though I diſtaſte his buſineſſe, I would not hee ſhould miſcarry heere, you frighted him. Tis ſupper time, I ſhall expect your company in the morninge, Sir *Francis*: I have a pack of doggs will make the forreſt ringe.

Fran. I'le carefully attend Sir: as early as you pleaſe I love the ſport too.

Sir Rich. I wiſh wee had all pleaſures to delight you, but nothing wants in my true love to ſerve you.

Fran. Yet I muſt cuckold him, I cannot helpe it. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Sir Richard and his Lady in Bedd. Exit Thomas (with Sir Richards boots.)

Tho. Sir.

Sir Rich. Who is that? *Thomas?*

Th. The Sunn is up before you Sir, heere bee

bee your hootes.

sir Rich That's well.

Lad. Prithee doe not rise, it is hardly day. Sirra, who bid you call him soe early? Sir *Richard* will not rise yet.

Tho. I cannot help it, tis none of my fault.

Lad. Where is *Dorothy*.

Dor. Heere, Madame; what make you up soe soone *Thomas*.

Tho. Oh Mistris *Dorothy* tis even longe of you for betweene sleepe and wake, your remembrance came to me this morninge, and *Thomas* was up presently.

sir Rich. You must excuse me; I meane to kill a brace of hares before you thinke tis day. Come, on with my hootes, *Thomas*: And *Dorothy* goe you to Sir *Francis* chamber tell him the day growes old & I am ready: our horses & our merry houndes expect us. *Exit Dorith.*

Lad. Any excuse to leave me.

Sir Rich. You may take your ease in bedd still Madam, I'le not loose one morninge, that invites soe pleasantly, to heare my Doggs, for a new mayden-head. I was for these sportes and my excesse of charge I left the Towne, besides the Cittie foggs and steame of brickhills almost stifled me. The Aire is pure, and all myne owne.

Tho. My *Lady* meanes thee would have you gett an other *Heire* Sir for your land, though, it bee against my Master the younge Captaine, yet thee speakes but reason and now I talke of the Captaine Sir, would you had given him councell.

Sir

Sir Rich. To what.

Tho. Before hee tooke this huffinge trade upon him to have been a man of peace, I meane, a Juſtice, nature has made him fit for both a like; hee is now at charge to keepe a Captaine Schoolemaſter; he might have sav'd the Quarteridge of his Tutor if I had been his clarke, and then the in come that broaken heads bring in; and New yeares giftes from ſoadred virgins and their ſhee Provincialls whoſe warren muſt bee licenc'd from our Office. ---

Sir Rich. Away you pratinge knaue; what is hee ready?

Enter Dorth.

Dor. Alas hee's almoſt dead.

Sir Rich. How dead?

Dor. Hee has bin troubled with a fitt of the ſtone Sir, all this night poore Gentleman, hee groanes & ſweates & cannot: --

Sir Rich. What?

Dor. Make vrine Sir.

Tho. I heard my *Lady* has an excellent receipt to cure the ſtone. Shee is a peece of a rare ſurgeon.

Sir Rich. Well away and gett the horſes ready; ſirra; or I ſhall ride you and your witt together.

Tho. Alas any foole may ride mee, but I would faine ſee any man ride Miſtris *Dorothy*. *Exit.*

Dor. How Sirra.

Sir Rich. I am ſorry I muſt leave ſuch a companion but more lament the cauſe, I wiſh him

him health: my presence cannot serve him, morrow wife, I will not lose my sport. *Exit.*

Dor. Nor shee; when you are gone; my *Lady* does expect an other *knocks upp*

Lad. Now I must trust thy service.

Dor. You shall not doubt me; Madam; and to assure you my faith, I have a suite to your ladiship, whose grant, were there noe other bonds upon me, would tye me to everlastinge silence.

Lad. What is't; but name it and I shall soone confirme thee

Dor. Our Captaine of the traine band has bin offeringe to chaffer Mayden-heads with me; I must confesse I can affect the foole, upon good tearmes, & could devise to nooze my Amorous woodcock if you assist mee privatly, and dare trust mee with some Jewell of price, that is not knowne, which shall bee faithfully restored, Madame.

Lad. I that dare trust my honnour with thee, shall not suspect thy faith in any treasure else, chuse from my cabbinet, but, prithee, draw the curtaines while I expect this freind, I needs must hide my blushes thou maist discover from my gallery window when they are horsed, I tremble, to consider what I have promised.

Dor. Tremble to meete a ghost; you are more fearefull then a Virgin; Madame; why this setts me a longinge, but I'le watch: this is the timorous world of flesh & blood. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir Richard.

Lad. Alas what doe you meane? retire for heavens ſake: my husband is not gone, I heard his voice yet, this raſhneſſe will undoe my fame for ever, ſhould hee returne.

Sir Rich. Howe's this? retire for heavens ſake, my husband is not gone, I heard his voice this will undoe my fame. It was my wife and this is ſure my bed chamber. *Shee lookes out.*

Lad. I have undone my ſelfe, it is my husband.

Sir Rich. My forehead ſweates: where are you; Madame; whom did you talke too, or take me for? Ha; a ſleepe already; or doe I dreame; I am all wonder; Madame.

Lad. Nay; nay kill him; if it pleaſe you; ſweete heart, I cannot abyde a blackemoore *Fayres ſleeping.*

Sir Rich. How's, this? wife.

Lad. Helpe, helpe, deare husband ſtrangle him with one of my lute ſtrings; doe, doe, doe.

Sir Rich. If ſhee bee a ſleep, ſhee was not wont to talke thus She has had ſome hideous dreame, ſhee ſpake to me, too. Who ſhould I ſtrangle ſweete hart, with a lute ſtringe?

Lad. The kinge of Moroco I thinke.

Sir Rich. It is ſoe, ſhee dreames, what ſtrange chymæras wee fancy in our ſleepe: I were beſt wake her, Madame, Madame.

Lad. Oh Murder, Murder.

Sir Rich. Sweete harte, Madame, wake.

Lad. What's that? *Sir*

Sir Rich. Tis I.

Lad. Sir *Richard*? oh, you have delivered mee from such a dreame I quake to thinke upon it.

Sir Rich. I must confesse you frighted me at first.

Enter Dorothy.

Dor. My Master come back? if hee had founde the sick Sir *Francis* heere.

Sir Rich. How, now, art thou frighted too.

Dor. Frighted quoth a; ô Madame; the key of the closett, quickly, I must have some cordiall watet for Sir *Francis*. I feare this fit will kill him.

Lad. Alasse good Gentleman make haste.

Dor. His appearance would betray all. Thus prevented. *Exit.*

Lad. Nay sweete heart, you shall not leave me till I told what a cruell dreame I had. me thought, a Kinge of blackamoores was in love with me, and havinge by flatteringe courtship drawne me to his bed chamber, by my consent, or force, swore to enjoy me. I knew not by what reasons to divert the Ravisher; but told him that I hearde thy volee, I bid him if hee lou'd his life retire, for thou wouldst, (deare,) revenge my honnour, but hee perswinge mee, I cryed out murther and having nere a sword, councelld thee to strangle him with a lute stringe; for which cruelty of myne me thought hee threw an Arrowe at mee, which

if thou hadſt not wak'd mee as thou didſt would, as I ſlept, with my ſtrong feares, have killed me.

Sir Rich. This was the kinge of Moroco; well, I am glad I came to take away thy fright.

Lad. But, ſweete, you left me, with a reſolution to hunt this morninge, have you done already?

Sir Rich. The theeves prevented me, my Table has bin robb'd to night, two geldings & my Roane nagg are vanished.

Lad. How?

Sir Rich. Nay doe not thou vex, I have ſent Hue and cry that may overtake them, but come I'le leave thee to thy glaſſe, and viſit Sir *Francis*, now thee is return'd. How does your Noble gueſt?

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. Hee is pretty well, Sir, Hee has voided one ſtone ſince and now findes eaſe.

Sir Rich. Tis well, attend your Miſtris. *Exit.*

Lad. Oh wench, I had almoſt undone my ſelfe, come on the other ſide, reach me that petticote, I'le tell thee the ſtory as I make me readie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Siſter and Device.

Siſt. Is it poſſible you can talke thus, and bee no Scholler?

Dev. I have travell'd in my fancy: I tooke the Aire about the world with the muſes, and doe for my recreation of wit, compoſe ſome wonders in Verſe, Poeticall Eſſaſes: as one upon report of a heate that was in Aegipt.

Sisf. Let's heare them.

Dev. In Countryes I have been;
Vnder the Æquinoctiall, where I have seene
The Sun disperse such a prodigious heate
That made our five-like skinns to raine with sweate:
Men would have given, for an Eccliplse, their lives
Or one whisper of Aire, yet each man striues
To throw up grasse, feathers; nay women too
To finde the winde, all falls like lead, none blew,
The dogg starr spitts new fire, till't came to passe
Each eye became his neighbours burninge glasse.
Leane men did turne to Asshes presently
Fatt men did roast to leane Anatomy.
Young womens heate did gett them selves with child
For none but they them selves, them selves defild.
Old women naturally to witches turn'd
And only rubbinge one an other, burnd.
The beastes were bakt, skin turn'd to crust they say
And fishes in the river boild away
Birds in the Ayre were rosted, and not burnd
For, as they fell downe, all the way, they turn'd.

Sisf. Most excellent.

Dev. I have seene Larkes in that motion at fire with an *Engine* of packthred perpendicular.

Sisf.

Sist. What would they have given for a shower in those Countreys.

Dev. Now you talke of a shower, you shall heare another Coppy of Verses that *I* made of a mightie raine which fell once in the Indies.

Sist. That you made? if you will venture your lungs let me heare some more impossible stories to passe away the time.

Dev. Heaven did not weepe, but in its swelinge eye
Whole seas of rheume and moist catharts did lye
Which so bespauld the lower world men see
Corne blasted, and the fruite of Every tree,
Ayre was condens'd to water gainst their with
And all their fowle was turn'd to flyinge fish.
Like watermen they throung'd to plye a faire
And thought it had bin navigable Ayre.
Beastes lost the naturall motion of each lymme.
Forgot to goe with practisinge to swimme.
A trowte now heere, you would not thinke How soone
Tane ready, dresst for the Empresse of the Moone.
The fixed starrs, though to our eyes were missinge
Wee knew yet were by their continuall hissinge
Women were Mermaydes saylinge with the winde,
The greatest miracle was fish behinde,

But

But men were all kept chaſt againſt their wiſh
And could comitt but the cold ſin of fiſh.

Siſt. And that ſinn would puzzell all the civill lawyers in the Kingdome. Sins of the fleſh they are perfect in, they know well enough what belongs to Adultery & ſimple fornication; but you would much improue and oblidge the practice of the court if you could bringe this ſinn of fiſh under their comiſsion. But now I hope the rayne is over; and wee ſhall have faire weather.

Dev. Now can I tell you *Ladv*, what a ſtrange froſt was in one part of the world

Siſt. I ſhall cry out fire if you doe: I'ld rather have ſome diſcourſe to keepe me warme.

Dev. Or how the whole world was troubled with the wind collick.

Siſt. No more Earth quakes I beſeech you: ſome frends of myne loſt a great deale of Land the laſt tearme & for ought I know, tis never to bee recoverd. Why all theſe Verſes you have honored me to heare, were tranſlated out of French.

Dev. You ſay very trew *Ladv.*

Siſt. Noe, noe; they are out of Spaniſh as I remember.

Dev. I thinke it bee out of Spaniſh indeede.

Siſt. Or elſe out of the Italian.

Dev. Troath Madame; I know not which very well.

Siſt. And yet you made them: ſome Gentlemen have the facultie to make Verſes, and forgett

forgett what Language, was the Originall, tis a la Mode, I confeſſe Sir.

Dev. There is the miſcheefe in Poetry; A man might have told a hundred lyes in proſe upon his owne name and never miſcarry, but leavinge theſe lewd Rymes, *Lady*, how doe you like the Novice that Sir *Richard* comended.

Siſt. Maſter *C urtwell*?

Dev. Is he not a pretty Chryſome; I could not Chooſe but laugh to obſerve in what rurall deportment he came to ſalute you that ſhould have made his addreſſe in theſe poſtures: ---

Siſt. It is enough, Sir, I apprehend what you would doe: the truth is, touching that thinge in black, I doe not love him.

Dev. I know tis impoſsible

Siſt. Why is it impoſsible? The man is a prettie indifferent meaninge man but I muſt have one of a more Active ſpiritt: noe, noe; the man is a coward.

Dev. Hee lookes like one.

Siſt. I put him to it, hee dares not fight, and hee that expects my favor to ſoe high a degree as Marriage, muſt bee none of my Lord Mayors whiffelers; he muſt be valiant in Armes; I am not taken with a ringe or a Carkenett as ſome avaricious *Ladyes*: hee that preſents me with the ſword of his rivall, is more welcome then all the ſilken ſoft natur'd 600. a yeare widgeons that will bee baffl'd in their beſt cloathes; and goe downe into the Country every vacation, like At-

torneys to bee beaten againſt the next tearme, & get damages by it. But I forget ſome affaires that concernes me, & take my leave: your deſertes upon mee are eminent and many; and for all your noble ſervices, I will promiſe you nothing, you apprehend me. --

Dev. Tis too much, ſweete *Lady.*

Siſt. I am ſo weary I can ſtay no longer with you. *Exi.*

Dev. You make me over happie, ſoe; ſoe; the matters done. I may viſite my freinds; hum! well thought upon, I ſhall leave her Joyes with out any bound to entertaine me, if I firſt beate this fooliſh rivall of mine, and preſent her with his ſword; ſhee aſſures me hee dares not fight: it ſhall bee ſoe, thus with one baffeling and diſarminge him I ſhall ſecure my Miſtreſſe; and get the reputation of a fighting Cavalier, which may ſave me many knocks heere after, among men of ſtronge faith, that ſhall heare how much honour I have elſe where taken up upon the Tickett. *Exit.*

Enter Vnderwitt & Sackbury.

Vnd. Stand right to your files, -- Make even your rankes, -- Silence -- Front to the right hand, -- As you were, -- To the right hand about, -- By the left hand, as you were, -- Rankes -- To the right, double -- Rankes as you were, -- Rankes to the left double, -- Middle men to the right hand double the front, -- Middle men to the right

right intire, double the front -- Files to the right, -- To the left, -- To the right hand -- Countermarch to the right -- To the left -- Wheele about, ---

Sack. Roman! enough, you muſt not, waſte your lunges at once; march faire and make a Captaine. When theſe wordes of command are rotten, wee will ſow ſome other military ſeedes; you beare a braine and memory.

Vnd. I hope ſoe.

Sack. And now you are choſen a Captaine for the Country, you muſt give good example to your ſouldiers, and cheriſh nature: after excerciſe you muſt drinke ſack; ſack is a fortifier. Come wee'le to the Towne.

Vnd. With all my heart; *Enter Maſter Court.* Heere is one Matter *Courtwell* let us take him with us.

Sack. My coſtiue Countryman; he's an Anabaptiſt, hee will not drinke, and yet hee kiſt the cupp oft; laſt night me thought, when his miſtris dranke to him. Wee'le try; how is't, my man of morall breedinge?

Court. My man of warr, *Treſbone*; your ſervant, Captaine.

Sack. Why this was ſpoake like one of us, can'ſt doe't againe? thy voice is more Authentick, ſownds as I have heard a Cavalier in a Taverne; or like the merry Maſter of the dragon. Smale Neptune, that comptroules the rich Canaries when hee commands the Tritons of his celler; ſcud and bringe wine you varletts, with a flavour for my Nobil-

litie; wee were conſpiringe to goe to the Taverne.

Court. I'le make one Gentlemen; to waſt away ſome melancholly.

Sack. Speake boldly like an Argonaut.

Court. I am not now in London; upon a hall day marchinge with the Puinees Twenty of us in a Teeme, to Weſtminſter in our torne gownes embrodered with ſtrand dirt, to heare the law.

Sack. Is not thy Father dead? thou talke'ſt ſoe well? how I was couzend' in thee; come a way.

Enter Thomas.

Vnd. Heere's my man *Thomas.*

Sack. Now the newes, Sir Triſtram?

Tho. Oh; the Gentleman is mad.

Vnd. What Gentleman?

Tho. Why Maſter *Engine*, that did faint laſt night.

Vnd. With feare of being hang'd for his projections.

Court. My Vncle told me of him.

Sack. Send him to Bedlam then; what makes hee heere? cleane ſtraw & a good whipp are held reſtoratives.

Tho. Hee walkes and talkes the madlieſt, twenty midwifes are nothinge to him, hee drownes all their noyce his tonge is twenty ringes of bells; and yet hee ſeemes ſoe merry.

Enter Engine.

Eng. Save you Gentlemen; Gallants; Cavaleires; how far travell you? me thinkes you

you are finely accomodated: are you a doctor Sir?

Sack. No; but I can tell you; how to purge if it pleaſe you.

Eng. You ſay very well; troth Gentlemen you muſt pardon me; cry you mercy: your name is Captaiue *Vnderwitt.*

Vnd. Yes, Sir: but my Mother came of the *Overmuches* by the Peake: ſhe broake my Fathers heart, and Sir *Richard* buried her. Thinges muſt bee as pleaſe the Starrs.

Eng. What thinke you; of the Blazinge Starr in Germany accordinge to Ptolomy? tis very ſtrainge; does the race hold at Newmarkett for the cupp? when is the cockinge, Gentleman there are a parcell of rich jewells to bee ſould now if a man had money: I doe meane to builde a very fine howſe next ſommer. and fiſh ponds. What did you heare of the new play? I am affrayed the witts are broaken, there bee men will make affidavit, they have not hearde a good ieſt ſince Tarleton died: pray may I craue your name Sir?

Court. My name is *Courtwell* Sir.

Eng. In your eare, I have a caſt of the beſt Marlens in England: but I am reſolve'd to goe no more by water, but in my coach; did you ever ſee the great Shipp?

Sack. I have been one of the twentie that have din'd in her Lanthorne.

Eng. It may bee ſoe, ſhee is a good ſailer; but, I'le tell you one thinge, I meane to have the beſt pack of hounds in Europe, Sir *Richard*

loves the ſport well, and then if I can but finde out the reaſon of the loade ſtone, I were happie and would write *non ultra*.

Sack. The Philoſophers ſtone were better in my opinion: have you no proiect to gett that?

Court. That has ſtartled him; I doubt this fellow does but counterfeit. *Aſide.*

Vnd. What thinke you of the Dromedary, that was to bee ſeene on the back ſide of the Bell?

Eng. I have ſeene a ſtranger beaſt.

Sack. Soe have I; I have ſeene you before now, Sir.

Eng. Why then I'le tell you; the ſtraingeſt beaſt that ever I ſaw was an Oſtriche that eate up the Iron-mines: but, now you talke of birdes, I ſawe an Eliphant beat a tailor in the fencing ſchole, at his owne weapon.

Tho. The Spaniſh needle?

Eng. Hee did out eate him in bread, and that was miraculous, I have ſeene a cattamountaine once, but all was nothing, to the *Lady*, that turnd rounde & threaded needles.

Court. Troth Sir I thinke you have turn'd round too, and are not ſetteled yet.

Eng. Now you talke of ſettelinge. I knew a Gentleman, that was borne to a great fortune, ſould all his land, went to ſea in a Hollander, was taken by a Dunckercke, at 7. yeares and ſtole away in a Engliſh bottome after that, ſaw both the Indies, for all this, was taken by a Turkiſh man of warr put into the Gallies, and, for ought I heare by credible

dible report, is not ſettled yet.

Tho. Sure hee is a great Scholler; a man cannot underſtand him.

Ynd. His braines are out of tune.

Eng. Now you talke of muſick; there is noe man in the world loues muſick better then I: I'le give you the reaſon: I have ben deafe almoſt this halfe yeare; it came with a cold ſitting up at Primero.

Court. Now you talke of a cold, it puts me in mind of the new *Device* of fire, for brewing & baking: had you no hand in that project?

Sack. Againe hee is ſtartled: come hee ſhall to the Taverne with us and confeſſe all; if hee does not ſtripp his ſoule ſtarke naked to us; ſay I am no fortune teller.

Ynd. What thinke you of a cupp of *medium* wine?

Sack. That will ſpoile all: pleaſe you to honnour our ſociety? wee are goeing to Indulge at the Taverne.

Eng. Oh the neates tongues & Aſparagus that I have eaten at the Stillyarde! But of all thinges in the world I doe not loue a black catt, next a brewers cart, there is nothing will ſtay a man ſoe much in the night as a Conſtable; one worde before you goe and I beſeech you give mee your opinion clearely; was not the Morocco Embaſſador, a very fine Gentleman for a Pagan?

Sac. Yes ſure; and the Lead mines in Darbyſheire hold ſtill. Marry for the Allome buſineſſes -- But come, will you walke?

Eng. I doe uſe to goe a foote ſome times, but

when I ride; and then I must confesse ther's noe striving with the streame: you were in London lately they say the people are more affected to Bearebaytinge then in former time.

Court. There are some of late are drawen like beares to a stake but for your owne part the goute and the grand pox are all one to you: what price beares meate in the shambles?

Eng. Flesh rises and fales; as it uses to doe; Sir: But a Country life is the best when all is done: are wee all of one religion? what thinke you of a bridge from Lyon Key to Flandres, you may guesse I talke at randome, Gentlemen, but you must not interpret all foolish discourse a distemper of the braine; Lords would take it for a *scandalum magnatum*, and your Ladyes would bee Angry too; now you talke of Ladyes.

Enter Sir Francis and the Lady.

Sack. By noe meanes Master *Engine*: that Gentleman loues you not. Come, I le bringe up the Reare, where is *Thomas*?

Exit with the rest.

Tho. I'le follow Sir; I would give my 4. markes a yeare that I could talke like that mad Gentleman; hee's heere, and there, and every where: how will his tongue runn when his Coggs are oyled? they'le drench him. *Exit.*

Fran. Although I miss'd a happines, I applaude your nimble witt that secur'd both our honours: you have an excellent instrument to your Gentlewomen.

Lad.

Lad. Oh ſhee deliver'd ſo toth' life, how you were troubled with the ſtone, at firſt I did beleive't my ſelfe, and think of the ſad conſequence: but time is precious now; although our ſtarrs have not been yet propitious to our meeting, I'le try my Art to night to make them ſhine with happie influence on our loves.

Sir *Fran.* Moſt excellent, Madam; how?

Lad. I'le not engage your viſit to my chamber, ſince the firſt prov'd ſo unfortunate, but come to yours.

Sir *Fran.* This night? wo'not your husband be at home?

Lad. Yes.

Sir *Fran.* You enjoy but one Bed?

Lad. Without witchcraft Sir. I have a ſtratagem to delude my husband and all his jealous waking eyes: A plot that cannot faile, if you dare but expect me.

Sir *Fran.* I grow immortall with my hopes, and fancy more than the worlds moſt glorious Empire, in my firſt embrace, I ſhould run back into an infant once againe, and by degrees and time, grow up to meet ſo vaſt a happineſſe: Ages in expectation ſpent were poore and eaſie ſufferings weigh'd againſt this triumph. Me thinks I am not man, but ſomething of a more exalted eſſence, humane Nature hath not Capacitie to underſtand and owne theſe pretious bleſſings.

Lad. No more rapture, but with the confidence of a lover, ſpread your equall thoughts, and in your heart and Armes Prepare an entertainment for that gueſt that hath no life nor name but what you give. A kiſſe, and leave our ſoules to thinke

upon the joyes this night attends us.

Sir *Fran.* Sullen day

Doe not tyre now tis down hill all the way.

Exeunt severally.

Actus quartus Scæna prima.

A Catch Sung, after which Enter *Thomas* with a Cloake and a Sword.

Come let us throw the dice who shall drinke,
Thine is twelve and his five sinck,
Sixe and Foure is a cast,
Six and three not too fast.
Come aloft sink tray,
Sice ace faire play,
Cator duce is your throw sir,
Cator ace they run low sir.
Two duces we see,
Duce Ace is but three.
Oh where is the wine, come fill up his glasse,
For here is the man that has thrown Amsace.

Tho. They are all drunke already, and such a confusion in their heads and tongues: my Master kisses the next man and calls him Mistris *Dorothy*; Master *Courtwell* possest with the spirit of defiance to Cupid is ready to beate him for being in love

Iove. My Projector's dead drunk in a chaire, and the Captaine peeping into his mouth like a tooth-drawer and powring down Sack, which he feeles not, but his chapps shut againe like a spring-lock, till he returne with a key to open his teeth to poure in the next health.

Enter Master Courtwell.

Court. My Cloake and Sword Drawer.

Tho. Tis here sir.

Court. Thou art a pretty fellow; there's halfe a crowne, say I am gone *Thomas*.

Tho. You are a petty well.

Enter Vnderwit and Captaine.

Vnder. What shalls doe with him? this Engine burnes like *Etna*.

Cap. Throw him into the River.

Vnder. Hee's able to mull the *Thames*. VVell for mine owne part, would Mistris *Dorothy* were here to open her files.

Court. Did not you name a woman? I will have no mention of any thing thats Femall. *Exit.*

Vnder. May not a man talke of sack?

Cap. Sack is a soveraigne medicine.

Vnder. Oh very soveraigne.

Enter Musitians.

Cap. It is *hic & hac* sack, both for he and she. Stay, is my Countryman gone? come my *Apollos*, my *Orpheus's*, or my *Bachus* his Minstrells, which to leave poeticall expressions, in broader phrase, is Taverne fidlers, some of your Tunes my masters, doe you heare?

Musi. Doe you meane Master *Adsons* new ayres sir?

Cap. I ſir. But they are ſuch phantaſticall ayres; as it puts a Poet out of his witts to ryme to them but let me heare ———

Muſique ———

Cap. No I doe not like that?——

Muſ. ———

Cap. Nor that: no, no, no, neither:

Muſ. An't pleaſe your worſhip Maſter Captain our boyes can ſing ſongs to theſe.

Cap. No, no, ſaving your preſence, your boyes have nothing ſurreverence but love ſongs, and I hate thoſe things monſtrouſly to make things appeare better than they are, and that is but *Deceptio viſus*, which after ſome embracing, the parties ſee preſently what it is.

Muſique ———

The Captaine ſings and reeles, Then Phillips all the while with his fingers. (*after ſpeakes.*)

Cap. I, I, this thumping tune I like a life; a Song, a ſong to it.

Song.

The Juyce of Spaniſh ſquee'zd grapes is it
That makes a dull braine ſo full of wit,
So Lemonado's cleere ſparkling wine
The groſſer wits too doth much refine,
Then to be fox'dit is no crime,
Since thickeſt and dull braines it makes ſublime.
The Stilyards Reniſh wine and Devills white,
Who doth not in them ſometimes take delight?
If with minique geſtures you'l keep you from ſadnes
Then drink luſtie Claret, twill make you in madnes.
And then to ſettle you no hopes in beere,
But wholſome potts of Scotch ale though tis deere.

Cap. But

Cap. But harke you child, you ſay in your ſong the Devills white, you have been ill catechiz'd boy, for a white Devill is but a Poeticall fiction, for the devill bleſſe us child is black.

Boy. No Captaine, I ſay white wine at the Devill.

Cap. Thats true, thats a good boy indeed —— *Vaderwit*, lend me a peece, lend me a peece to give theſe harmonious men —— There,——and now be gone my maſters; without noyſe, for I will have no more fidle fadles for my money; no tunes of ſuperrogation after the muſicall bill is paid,——*Exit Muſique.*

Come hither *Thomas*, do you thinke I am drunke?

Tho. Truely Captaine, I cannot tell.

Cap. You cannot tell, there's your ignorance, drinke is a vice I am as little given to as another, for I do abhorre it in my ſelfe, I do wonder how any reaſonable man can be drunk, &c——man can be drunke, therefore every wiſe man take counſell and example by me, and he may ſee very plainely what an odious thing it is, for you muſt follow your Leader, and Vertue which is an ancient——

Tho. Vertue an Ancient?

Cap. I, an ancient old Gentlewoman, that is growne very poore, and no body knowes where ſhe dwells, very hard to finde her out, eſpecially for a Captaine, you will finde it very difficult for a Lieutenant, but we wil endeavour the beſt we can. You ſee my courſes, I have travell'd to finde her out, and I could never yet ſee her at a baudihouſe?

Vnd. VVho is this to be ſeene at a Baudihouſe? To the right hand—— Counter-march.

Tho. He talkes of vertue ſir.

Vnd.

Vnd. Vertue? she never comes there, why doe you thinke she should be there Captaine?

Cap. Why? because she is an old Gentlewoman, and might keepe the house.

Tho. Alas Captaine Mistris Vertue is poore and leane.

Cap. Nay then she is not fit to be a Baud; but tell me, did you ever see her, or if so, did you ever——

Vnd. No, but 'twas none of my fault. I know not what I may doe in time, when she understands the words of command.

Tho. He does not meane Mistris *Dorothy*; but Captaine, I would faine know the reason why your Bauds are so fatt still?

Cap. A plaine case, they lye fallow and get hart, then they keepe themselves so in health, and so soluble with stewd prunes, and then sipping of sack is a great matter to fatten them. But they are as good people as a man can keepe company withall, and bring up the young gentlewomen so vertuously; I came into one of their houses tother day for a carreere, and I found the Baud very sicke upon her deathbed, very religious, and much given to repentance, for those poore sinnes she had committed; when shee had taken order for her soule, she told me the young Gentlewoman I look'd for was in the next roome, & desiring her upon her blessing to give me content, she turnes her to the wall, and gives up the Ghost very privately, because she was loath to trouble us.

Vnd. By your relation Captaine, these appeare

peere to bee very good people what if wee went to visitt one of these Matrones? I have a greate minde to exercise

Sack. Why you speake like an understandinge Soldier & one that may come to somthinge in the end therefore let us march on.

Vnd. March on to venus warrs.

Sack. For you know, *Thomas* that the spider & the Bee doe somthinge, but I have forgett what it is.

Vnd. Tis no matter, come let us goe.

Sack. Goe? no more but goe, though I bee a Captaine if I have not commission in this imploiment, ---

Tho. What then Captaine?

Sack. Why then I cannot goe.

Tho. Very right. *Exit.*

Vnd. Doe you heare Captaine? for all this; I have a great minde to a wench, and a wench I must have, if there bee one aboue grounde; ôh, ôh; London; London. Thou art full of franke tennants, give me London shall wee wheele about thither, yett?

Sack. Give you London? will not cheapside serve your turne or the Exchainge?

Enter Thomas.

Tho. Oh Gentlemen, Master *Engine* is truly bewitch'd.

Vnd. Why, what's the matter?

Sack. Bringe the witch and Master *Engine* before us.

Tho. Hee does vomitt the straingest thinges yonder. ---

Sack. Did not I saie, murther will out?

Tho.

Tho. I thinke hee has eaten and drunken nothinge but monopolyes: and, being too hard to bee diſgeſted they all come up againe, I muſt hold his head. *Within*: Oh

Sack. Did not I tell you ſomthinge would come out?

Tho. *Pins*; *Pins*; they lay croſſe his throat, I told you hee was bewitch'd? Hey day *cards* and *dice*, and with them the devill is a gameſter. And payes the box ſoundly, now; now; now: *Within*: Oh.

Vnd. What's that.

Tho. Tis ſomethinge clammy; ôh tis *Soape*.

Sack. Soape? give a man leave to waſh his mouth.

Vnd. Does not the lime burne his throat *Thomas*?

Tho. Alas poore Gentleman, ſomethinge now againe is ready to ſtrangle him, I thinke they are *Hides*, & the hornes ſtuck in his gullett, well ſtraind! what a fowle ſtomack hee has: *Within*: Oh.

Sack. Open his mouth, thruſt downe a pottle pott.

Tho. I have Sir; and it is come up full of *medium* wine. If you have any charity come and healpe to hold his head: now againe.

Eng. Oh; Oh; Oh:

Vnd. Tis very ſtrainge Captaine; the man is certainely inchanted.

Eng. Oh; Oh

Tho. Maſter Maſter; hey! will you take Tobacco in the Rowle? heere is a whole ſhipladinge, varietie of *Bermo.la's* and one little

little two penny paper of *Verina's*, with a ſuper ſubſcription, to my very Frends of the cuſtome howſe.

Sack. Put up that for a relique, *Thomas*: and open it upon high dayes to cleare the ſore eyes of your Spaniſh Marchants, *Thomas*, noe more, but call the Drawer, an underſtanding Drawer and one writes Orthography & doe you pay the Reckoninge.

Enter Drawer.

Sirra I charge you ſet A padlock on the chamber doore: there is a dangerous fellow muſt be bronght to his purgation and looke all the goods that he hath vomited bee forth cominge. While wee diſcreetely goe and informe the Magiſtrates: at your perill Sirra, at your perill: Seale up the dore and doe you pay the Reckoninge.

Vnd. Sir *Richard* is a Juſtice; there's your monie, and yet wee neede not pay; the Gentleman hath left enough for the Reckoninge in the next roome.

Draw. I have made him faſt; y'are very welcome Gentlemen: all is paid in the Por't cullis. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maſter Courtwell and Sifter.

Siſt. I'le walke no further; if you have a Secret to impart, you neede not feare this place. The trees, and hedges will not liſten, what is the buſines? I hope your phlegmaticall ſtock of verſe is ſpent.

Court. Why then in proſe the worſt that I can ſpeake; I doe not love you *Lady*.

Siſt How? you have not traind me thus farr to tell me that? *Court.*

Court. You are. ---

Sift. You doe not meane to quarrell, now you have betray'd me to the feild, and beate me, Sir?

Court. What is there in your face more, to attract me, then that red cowes complexion? why the devill doe you thinke, I should doate upon your person? that thinge when shee is stroak'd gives milke.

Sift. By that I understand, all this is in revenge, because you thinke I did neglect you: pray, Sir, tell me, and tell me seriously; put the case that I should love you: could you love againe?

Court. In troth, I thinke I could not.

Sift. Doe you but thinke:

Court. I will binde it with an oath before the parrish.

Sift. What reasons?

Court. I shall bee loath to say your eyes are twinckelinge starrs againe your lipps twyn cherries, and out blush the rubies; your Azure vaines vie beautie with the Saphire: or that your swellinge brest are hills of Ivorie pillowes for Joue to rest his Amorous head. When my owne conscience tell me that *Bunn-hill* is worth a hundred of them, and but *Highgate* compared with them is a paradice, noe I thanke you.

Sift. But how come you so cur'd? you weere a passionate, I may saie, foole, in hope you will deserve it: what phisick tooke you, that hath thus restor'd you?

Court.

Court. A little ſack had power to cure this madneſſe.

Siſt. I hope you are not ſober yet; the humour may chainge when you have ſlept.

Court. I'le rather ſtich my eye lids up with Sifters-threed, and ſtare perpetually.

Siſt. When you may ſee me againe.

Court. I thinke I ſhall not, unleſſe it bee to wonder when you are in that Ivie buſh; that face cutt upon taffata, that creame & prunes ſoe many plumbes in white broath, that Scutcheon of pretence, powderd with Ermines. How ſell you grapes? your haire does curle in bunches: your lipps looke like the Parſons gleabe; full of redd, blue, and yellow flowers; how they are chapp'd and looke like trenches made to draine the medowes?

Siſt. This rudeneſſe is beyond the manner of a Gentleman.

Court. I cannot help it and I hope yon thinke ſoe.

Siſt. But if your paſſion have not drowned all reaſon; I pray let us part civilly.

Court. With all my hart, I dare then take my leave too.

Siſt. Whoe is that.

Court. Where.

Siſt. Behinde that tree.

Court. You have no plot t'accuſe me for a rape? t'was at the worſt, but fellony with cherryes, that looke as if they had bin a fort night gathered:

Siſt. I know you'le bringe mee home in curteſie.

Court.

Court. Not I; I will not truſt my ſelfe and you: farewell *Lady*: doe you ſee that bull?

Siſt. Yes Sir.

Court. That is a happie beaſt.

Siſt. Why happie Sir?

Court. Hee writes not verſes to his Miſtreſſe, is not cozened nor forſworne: to get her favor, beſtowes no rings, nor empt.es his exchequer to appeere ſtill in new rich ſuites but lives free upon the ſtock of nature, yet loues none. Like the great Turke, hee walkes in his Seraglio and doth command which Concubine beſt pleaſes, when hee has done, hee falles to graze or ſleepe, and wakes, as hee had never knowne the dun, white, redd, or brended Cow.

Siſt. You are unmanly

Court. Nay, I know you will raile now: I ſhall like it: call me a skirvy fellowe, proud, and ſawcy, and ill bred crooked clowne, I'le heare. This, rather then liue upon your pittie, and yet doe not: For if you raile too men that know you can diſſemble, may beleive you loue me, and tis not my Aime.

Siſt. You are a fine man

Court. I am in my beſt cloathes.

Siſt. I perceive tis true now, what the world ſayes of you, and yet tis ſtrainge.

Court. Tis ſtrainge it ſhould bee otherwiſe.

Siſt. You give your tongue a licence, nor will I hope your mallice ſhould ſpare me a broad, that have ſoe prodigally abuſed a *Ladyes* fame that deſerves nobly from you; but you men care not whoſe name you blaſt

with

with a looſe Character, ſoe you maintaine your pride of Talke.

Court. How is this? it is confeſſed I have talked in my time and talked too much, but not too much of you: for I but ſeldome thought of ſuch a woman, or any other.

Siſt. Nay Sir I am ſatisfied, you can talke your pleaſure.

Court. Have I not done it, too?

Siſt. Yes by your owne report, and with a *Lady* ſoe much in vertue & in birth aboue you? & therefore I expect not your modeſt language of me.

Court. Stay. This moves me; I never tooke a pleaſure yet to lye with *Ladyes* fames: or ever thought that ſport lye in the tongue; ſuch humors are for men: that live by Brothell offices, let mee but know who hath traduc'd me to you thus, hee ſhall bee known noe more.

Siſt. I'le not bee guilty Sir: of any murther; when wee meete againe and you in better humour I may tell you: ſo farewell *Gendarino*, nothinge's loſt when you turne woman hater. *Exit.*

Court. She has vex'd me, if wee two make a matrimony after this rate, the divell is like to dance at our Wedding. *Enter Device.*

Dev. Hee's heere, a lone too, and the place moſt opportune! how ſhall I begin. Maſter *Courtwell*, doe you loue any friend of mine?

Court. Not to my knowledge, Sir, I ſhould bee ſorry.

Dev. Doe you not loue a Gentlewoman, Sir?

Court.

Court. If shee bee a frend of yours, I'le take the first occasion to neglect her, for your sake.

Dev. It will become your wisdome, and your safetie.

Court. What mischeefe have you done to your face?

Dev. My face?

Court. You looke soe scurvily, come hither thou new monster, with more feete then a caterpiller what time of the day is it? you that move upon soe many wheeles. fay Monsieur, are you not a walkinge clock; I have a mighty minde to see you tooke in peeces.

Dev. I doe not like this: you cannot put me, Sir, together againe.

Court. I will not take the paines, why doe you smile now?

Dev. At your conceit, to thinke I was a clock I am a watch; I never strike, Hee's valiant. *Aside.*

Court. You have prettie colours theire are these your Mistresses.

Dev. If you did know the mistery you would applaud them: you have read *Livre de Blazons*, what meane you?

Court. I will bestow them upon some forehorse, they will become a Country teeme rarely.

Dev. Mort dieu! why you dare fight it seemes, and I was told, you were no Cavalier: A very dreame, a wedge for men to breake their swords upon, I shall never trust fame againe for your sake.

Court.

Court. Thou never didſt couzen me. —

Dev. I was never ſoe Illitterate in a man.

Court For I did ever thinke thou durſt not fence but at a cõplexion, a glifteringe vapour: a thinge of cloathes, and fitt for Chambermaydes to whett their witts upon: but now reſolve either to have your skine flead off, or fight with me for troublinge my preſent meditations.

Dev. Why Sir if you bee ſerious I ſhall quitt that prejudice you have upon my valour looke you Sir I can draw, & thus provoke'd I dare chaſtiſe you, too cauſe I was merry I am not bound to feede your ſpleane eternally with laughter, yet I am not Ignorant what an advantage, Sir, your weapon gives you in length.

Court. Wee'le change. why this is honnour in thee. *They meaſure and Device getts both weapons.*

Dev. Now, Sir, keep of.

Court. Sure thou art not ſo baſe.

Dev. I never cozend you, doe you remember? theſe two will guide me on the rope.

Court. You meane to daunce then.

Dev. Yes but with quicker time then you I hope can follow. Thus I begin; fa la, la. *Exit.*

Court. What a heathen coward is this? how the rogue tripps like a fayrie: to the towne with them, he has bin a footman ſure I have not breath enough to overtake him, & t'will be darke preſently if I looſe the ſight of him; I'le ſearch the Towne and if I finde him not there, perſue him with hue and cry, and after hange him. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir Francis: (A Taper prepared.)

Fran. The sun, whose busie eye is still
Employed a spie upon our Actions, tire'd
with waytinge is drowsy gon to bed, about
whose pillow night hath hunge all her
winges, & set up Tapers as if the day were
timorous like a child and must have light to
sleepe by, welcome all the howres that go-
verne pleasure, but bee slow when you have
blessed mee with my wishes, time and loue
shall dwell like twinnes, make this your
bower and charme the aire to sweeteneſſe,
and to silence: favour me now, and you shall
chainge your states: Time shall bee old no
more, I will contract with destiny, if hee will
spare his winges, to give him youth and
beautie, that wee may finde every minute
a fresh childe of pleasure: loue shall bee proud
to bee no more a boy but grow to per-
fect strength and hold consistance: for when
two active lovers meete soe happie as wee
whose equall flames doe light Embraces
twill bee noe weight to number many yeares
in our delights and thinke all age a blessing:
but language is too narrow to expresse what
I expect, tis fit my soule retire till shee pre-
sent her selfe, and if it can measure my
hop'd-for Joyes with thoughts prepare to
entertaine the happineſſe. *Exit.*

Enter Dorothy (with a light) to Sir Richard & his Lady, (in bedd)

Dor. I have sett already my designe a
moveing

moveing to take my Captaine, *Vnderwit*, who in wine was late more feirce vppon me; in the meane time I cannot chooſe but laugh at the *Deuice* wee hope to cheate my Maſter with ſure the devill is a great freind to womē that loue men! Hee doth ſo furnish us with quainte inventions: preſently after ſupper, ſhee began her fit of tooth atch, and did counterfet ſo naturally; but ſince ſhee went to bed ſhe almoſt rau'd by turnes; I heard her at it.

Lad. Oh oh; whoſe there.

Dor Tis I for ſooth, I heard you groane and I have not the heart to ſleepe, ſhall I watch by you?

Lad. Oh no! get you to bedd, make faſt the chamber: I cannot endure. ---

Dorothy puts out the candle at the dore and returnes.

Sir Rich. Deare heart, bee patient.

Lad. I, you have your homilyes of patience, but if you had my paine, it would make you mad, oh; oh.

Sir Rich. Ile ſend for the french tooth drawer in the morninge.

Lad. There is no rack nor torture like it, oh; what ſhall I doe; I ſhall never ſleepe againe.

Sir Rich. Which tooth is it.

Dor. The ſweete one you may bee ſure troubles her

Lad. Th s, this; oh that there. ---

Sir Rich. They are happie that are old and have no teeth.

Lad.

Lad. Oh take heede; now it ſhoots up to my head.

Sir Rich. Thou makeſt my head ake with thy noiſe.

Lad. If you knew what I ſuffer, your head would ake, in deede, I muſt riſe and walke in the chamber, there's no remedy.

Sir Rich. You'le catch more cold.

Lad. Oh noe; deere life doe not croſſe me; if you weere in my torment, you would riſe, and try any thinge, for a little eaſe It cannot bee worſe the paine ſure came with a cold and who knowes but an other cold may cure me.

Sir Rich. I prithee come to bedd againe.

Lad. Soe, ſoe doe not trouble me. I am now in ſome little eaſe it is a heavenly thing to bee goeing.

Sir Rich. Doeſt thou heare?

Lad Your noiſe will bringe my paine back againe, if you knew what a vexation it is for me to ſpeake you would not put me to it ſoe, if you doe talke I will not anſwere a word more. *Exit.*

Sir Rich. Well! by this noe light I'le to London to morrow. I ſee tis poſsible a womans Tooth may bee as trouble ſome, as her tongue

Dor. Oh; oh.

Sir Rich. I cannot chuſe but pitty her: that any woman ſhould hold ſoe much paine in a hollow Tooth!

Dor. If my Maſter touch'd with ſoe much compaſſion ſhould riſe and force me to bedd

to

to him, I must not cry out a rape. Tis at the worst on my syde, but fornication in my owne defence.

Sir Rich. Prithee come to bed.

Dor. Oh; oh; oh:

Sir Rich. The musick at a convocation of catts, at a witches upsittinge is the spheares to this catterwawlinge. I will thrust my head into the pillow, as Diana did, in the bush when the beare was cominge, and then I shall not heare her.

Dor. Oh! this is a kinde of purgatory for the sines of the flesh: if she should fall a sleepe with the other knight; it is not possible I should hold out till morninge that which would fright away an ague hath put mee into a feauer: I shall have the tooth atch in deede with counterfeitinge. I have knowen some men taught the Stammers so, my gumes doe murmur, there is feare all over my flesh shee will stay too long, and then, ---

Sir Rich. Vh; uh:

Dor. Oh; oh; I'le shift places to shew more distraction at the worst my noyse shalbee within his reach it may give her warninge to returne too. *Exit.*

Enter Lady to Sir Francis (a sleepe) a table Inke & paper set out.

Lad. I am full of feares and my owne motion frights: me this furious love is a strange Pilott: Sir where are you, ha; a sleepe? can any dulnesse that is not death possesse a Gentleman so valiant in desires, when hee

expects to meete his Miſtreſſe? how I bluſh to rayſe him? was I not worth thy wakinge expectation, farewell: yet ſomethinge like a chaine that's faſten'd to my poore heart reſtraines me, inke and paper: *Writes.* I'le leave him a ſhort monument of his ſhame & my neglected love. Hee knowes my hand, farewell forgetfull lover. *Exit.*

Fran. What? have I ſlept? ſome witchcraft did betray my eyes to ſo much darkneſſe, yet my dreame was full of rapture ſuch as I with all my wakinge ſence would fly to meete; me thought I ſaw a thouſand cupids ſlyde from heaven and landinge heere made this there ſcene of Reuells clappinge their goulden feathers, which kept time while their owne feete ſtruck muſick to their dance as they had trod and touched ſo may Lutes: This done with in a cloude form'd like A throne, ſhe to whome love had conſecrate this night my Miſtreſſe, did deſcend, and cominge towards me my ſoule that ever wakes, angry to ſee my body made a priſoner, & ſo mock'd, ſhooke of the chaines of ſleepe, leaſt I ſhould looſe eſſentiall pleaſures for a dreame. Tis happie: I will not truſt my ſelfe with eaſe and ſilence. But walke and wayte her comming that muſt bleſſe me. Forgive me you bright Starrs, and doe not frowne that I have not attended as became one that muſt live by your kind Influence. Not yet appeere? ſhee did command I ſhould with confidence expect her; Ha! what's heere? this Character was not viſible before;

,, *That*

That man's too much compos'd of phlegme
Will looſe his Miſtreſſe, for a dreame.

Tis hers. I know ſhee has ben heere; Oh fatall! and findinge me a ſleepe ſcorn'd to uncharme my dull and curſed ſilence, this diſtracts mee. Have I ſo long, with ſo much Art and Study labourd this hower and obtain'd, what my ambition look'd at, her conſent, and when the tree it ſelfe bow'd downe Its goulden fruit and tempted me to gather, muſt I make my ſelfe uncapable & bee guiltie of ſo black ſo baſe a forfeite? I could teare my eye lidds off, that durſt let in a miſt ſo darke and ſo deſtroyinge: muſt I ſleepe at ſuch a time? that the devill muſt bee over watch'd too? this howre hath blaſted ſuch a hope as the Earth never teem'd with nor the ſpringe gave up in ſmiling bloſſoms to the breath of thoſe ſweete winds that whiſper from the weſt, a tale of triumph to the yeare, I could diſſolve, with curſinge of my Lethargie. How ſhall I looke upon her face, whoſe love and bold adventure I have thus rewarded? but paſſion will not cure my wounde which muſt bleede till I ſee her, and then either ceaſſe bleſſed by her pardon, or diſmiſſe a life though juſt, too poore a ſacrifice to her Anger. Where ſhall I hide my ſelfe and ſhame for ever? *Exit.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Sister & (presently after) Master Courtwell.

Sist. I cannot forgett my careleſſe Gentleman; his neglect & reproches have wrought ſtrangly upon me; hee's heere.

Court. Is there not a weazle crept in to your chamber, *Lady.*

Sist. A weazle Sir?

Court. Yes, a Monſieur ſuckegg.

Sist. Doe you take my chamber for a hens neſt, Sir?

Court. Ther's a Thinge that calls him ſelfe *Device*, one that will break the heart of a poſt-horſe to continue a hand gallop with him, your a la mode, your fightinge fayrie, fethered footed ſervant, when ſaw you him?

Sist. My fightinge ſervant, has hee beaten you Sir? perhapps hee thought you were his rivall: ſurely I ſaw him not ſince yeſterday.

Court. Be'e *Lady* how many mile is it to the next Cutler? the rogue has pawnd or ſold my ſworde.

Sist. Doe you heare Sir? I can tell you now what *Lady*, it was you did abuſe ſo

Court. I abuſe a *Lady*? Tell me the ſlave reported it; I hope it will prove this Monſieur if ere wee meete againe; --- Who was it?

Sist. Vpon condition Sir you will requite me

me but with one Gentle favour.

Court. Any thinge.

Sift. You muſt ſit downe and heare me then, while I at a diſtance, thus deliver.

Court. Tis more ſtate.

Sift. I am moſt unfortunate.

Court. For what deare Damoſell?

Sift. And wrong'd by a Gentleman I lou'd.

Court. Can hee bee a Gentleman that dares wronge ſo much love and beautie? what's the offence?

Sift. He will not love againe.

Court. And you would have the ſtubborne man corrected?

Sift. I would bee revenged, if I knew how, and honour him, ſhould doe me juſtice.

Court. Name the man: I'le doe it.

Sift. I cannot.

Court. How.

Sift. Yet turne your face: alas! it is your ſafe: I have your word to puniſh him.

Court. Sweete *Lady* I am well acquainted with the worthy Gentleman, but will not kill nor ſtrike him: for I know hee has juſt reaſon not to love you, you, of all your ſexe; hee told mee ſo.

Sift. His reaſon?

Court. Was in theſe words, ſuppoſe you heare him ſpeake it. Now doe you ſit; *Lady*; when I conſider you to a perfect forme of what we can call handſome with all your attributes of ſoule and body where no Addition or detraction can by cupids nicer critticks finde a fault, or Mercury with your

eternall frame & then consider what a thinge I am to this high Character of you; so low so lost to noble merits, I dispaire to love a Mistresse cannot love againe.

Sist. This is as much dissembled modesty.

Court. No let it all alone, I have other reasons, *Lady*, among my papers, to love, or to bee in loue is to bee gull'd, that's the plaine English of cupids latine besides, all reverence to the calling, I have vowed never to marry: and you know, loue may bringe a man to't at last and therefore my fine gewgaw, doe not abuse me.

Sist. How can I when you will neither loue me nor marry mee?

Court. I was not made for a husband.

Sist. But I would make you.

Court. I know what you would make me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Monsieur *Device* if you bee alone would present his service to you.

Court. Is hee come?

Sist. Doe me but one favour, I'le recant my loue, I will not have so much as one good thought of you, I will neglect you, Sir, but for three minutes.

Court. I'le have patience so long. *Hee hides.*

Sist. Admit him. I will bee revenged on somebody? now Sir: *Enter Device.*

Dev. I have brought you a weapon *Lady.*

Sist. Me, what to doe Sir.

Dev. Tis justice I present it to your feete, whose love Arm'd me to vindicate your honour.

Sist.

Sift. My honour?

Dev. This is but the first of my valour in your cause; if you affect these monuments, I'le make you up an Armory: meane time receive my service with this sword; if hee provoake me to fight with him againe; I'le cut his hand off and bringe it with me, to present the next.

Sift. Whose hand deare Servant?

Dev. Hee is not worth the naminge, alas; this does not deserve your knowledge; only thinke what I dare doe, when your bright name is questioned: and I in time may merrit to bee call'd the darlinge of your Virgin thoughts.

Sift Pray stay; my name traduc'd? who was so impudent? doe me the grace to let me know on whome your valour has bin exercis'd.

Dev. Why upon the formall thinge, call'd *Courtwell*, I would call him Gentleman, but that I have baffled him; you neede noe other witnesse then his sword: *She shuts the doore.* With the fine holliday hilt.

Sift. Looke you Sir I have made fast the doore because I meane before you goe, to have a satisfaction for the base Injury you have done me.

Dev. I done you Injury?

Sift. Not that I value *Courtwell* whome you would pretend has bin too saucy with my honour, but cause I scorne to owne a goodnesse should depend upon your sword or vindication: I'le fight with thee my selfe in this

ſmale volume againſt your bulke in *folio*.

Court. Excellent wench.

Dev. I was your champion, *Lady*.

Sir. I had rather have no fame then have thee nameit; thou fight for a *Ladyes* honour, and diſarme a Gentleman? thou fence before the Pageants & make roome for the porters, when like Elephants they carry once a yeare the Cyttie Caſtles: or goe a feaſtinge with the drum or ſchole boyes to the banke ſyde & ſave the beares a whippinge that day: come Sir I meane to have a bout with you.

Dev. At what weapon?

Sir. This, and none other, Sir.

Dev. I'le rather bleede to death then lift a ſwordе in my defence: whoſe inconſiderate brightneſſe may fright the roſes from your Cheekes, & leave the lyllyes to Lament the rude divorce: but were a man to dare me, and your enemie, my rage more nimble then the *Median* ſhaft ſhould flye into his boſome, and your eye change Anger into ſmiles, to ſee me fight and cut him into a ragged ſtaffe.

Court. I cannot hold no longer; you have got a ſtomack Sir with running, I'le try how you can eate a Sword.

Dev Have you an ambuſh *Lady*; I'le cry out murther, tis two to one. Faire play!

Court. Let me but cut one legg off to marre his running.

Dev. Hold: let me ſpeake.

Court.

Court. What canſt thou ſaie for thy baſeneſſe?

Dev. Some men love witt, and can without dishonour endure a Ieaſt; Why? doe you thinke I knew not you were heere & but obſerv'd to ſee my humour? I came to wayte upon you with your ſword.

Court. How came you by it? Confeſſe before this Lady.

Dev. Doeſt thinke her witt's ſo lymber to beleive I could compell it from thee, twas a trick, a meere conceipt of mirth, thou ſhalt have myne: Doeſt thinke I ſtand upon a ſword? I'le give thee a caſe of piſtolls, when wee come to London, and ſhoote mee when I love thee not: pox on it, thou apprehendeſt me well enough.

Court. But I am not ſatisfied, doe you loue this Gentlewoman?

Dev. Hum;

Court. You will reſolve Sir.

Dev. As may become a ſtranger; I will not loſe thy friendſhipp for all woman kinde.

Court. Hee dares, not owne you.

Siſt. I eaſily forgive him: I ſhould hate my ſelfe if I depended on his pitty.

Court. Thou art a noble wench: ſhall wee leave of theſe Jiggs, and ſpeake our minds in earneſt by theſe twyn lipps, I loue thee extreamly.

Siſt. Sweare by your owne.

Court. They ſhall bee myne: Monſieur, for your pennance you ſhall a long & witneſſe.

Siſt. What I pray.

Con. The prieſt ſhall tell you, come, wee have both diſſembled, wee doe loue one an other.

Siſt. Tis not poſſible.

Court. Vnleſſe you will denie me in the church. I have vowed to lye with you this night: *Device*, amble before, and finde the Parſon out; wee will bee frends, and thou ſhalt bee her Father.

Dev. I muſt mayntayne my honour, or be beaten.

Co. Com we'le have no more acquaintance.

Siſt. Very pretty! I may deceave you yet for all your confidence.

Court. If the skye falle, wee'le have the larkes to ſupper. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Sir Francis and Dorothy.

Lad. It was a ſtrange neglect, Sir.

Fran. I confeſſe it, and not deſerve to live for it, yet if you but knew my ſufferings.

Lad. Let her bee Judge.

Fran. By no meanes Madame.

Lad. You may truſt her knowledge.

Fran. This is worſe then a whippinge now, theſe *Ladyes* have no mercy on a delinquent; I muſt ſtand to it; there is no tyrant to a chambermayde, made judge in ſuch a caſe; I'le give a limbe to bee quitt now, but if ſhee chuſe, I am a criple for this world.

Dor. Is it poſſible? A man and ſuch a beaſt?

Fran. Soe: I muſt to the ſhambles.

Lad. What puniſhment can bee equall to the offence?

Dor. Hee lookes with ſome compunction for his fault, troth, Madame, ſuch an other night:

night: and trye whether hee'le ſleepe againe.

Fran. Mercifull wench; if wee piece againe; it ſhall bee a good turne in thy way.

Lad. My husband is reſolu'd this day for London. It is his humour, or elſe worſe, ſuſpition: there's noe pretence for him to ſtay behinde.

Dor. You have made ill uſe of your time Sir *Francis*; I know not how to helpe you; ſeauen yeares hence you may have ſuch an other opportunitie.

Lad. Watch if my husband come not this way, *Dorothy*, well Sir, though your tranſgreſſion deſerve no pardon, yet I am charitable upon condition.

Fran. Any thinge, Madame: this ſhewes excellent in you. No pennance ſhall diſpleaſe, ſo you abſolue me. Bid me to clyme ſome rocke or piramide, upon whoſe narrow ſpeare you have advanc'd my peace, and I will reach it, or elſe fall loſt to the world in my contempt.

Lad You ſpeake gloriouſly, the condition that aſſures your pardon, is only this. that you conclude, here, all your looſe deſires, with a reſolve never to proſecute or hope to enjoye me:

Fran. Call you this charitie, let me rather looſe your pardon, then ever bee thus Divorc'd: binde me never to ſee you, (and yet that were cruelty) then, charme me to forget that I am man, or have a heart, and you a beautie which your abſence can as well make nothinge, as divide from my adoreing

It is not cure but killing to preſcribe I never muſt enioye you, if you have reſolu'd death upon me, let it bee when wee like lovers have embrac'd.

Lad It is not poſsible.

Fran. nothing in loue can bee impoſſible to willing mynds. I'le tell you, Madame, Sure the devill has forſworne the fleſh, there may bee a plott, I have it. An excellent rare *Device*, if you but favour it: your husband is immediately for London I muſt in modeſty ride with him; you are left behinde.

Lad. How can that proffit you?

Dor. What a deale of ſubmiſſion theſe fooliſh men trouble us women with, that are more forward to bee frends againe, then they?

Fran. I will counterfeit a fall.

Lad. A fall?

Fran. I, from my horſe, obſerve me then.

Dor. My confederate I hope by this time is at the gate enquiringe for Sir *Richard* very formally from the old Knight his Maſter & good Lady: the fellow has witt to mannage it.

Fran. My *Woman* ſhall pretend himſelfe the ſurgeon to attend me; I'it not rare? ſtand but to it fate in this and if I faile I will ſit downe a covert and renownce all wanton hope hereafter. Deereſt Madame if you did meane this honour to me before let not your lo'tinge thoughts freeze in a minute; my genius is a prophet.

Dor. Sir *Richard*, Madame, is cominge this way.

Fran Shall I hope againe

Lad.

Lad. I will not say you shall dispayre.

Fran. You blesse me. *Exit.*

Dor. My businesse is on foote, your Jewell Madame will credit much the cause.

Lad. Wee will with draw; and let me know how you have cast the plott. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Richard (openinge a letter) & Footman.

Sir Rich. From thy Master? his name?

Foot. Sir *William Litleland.*

Sir Rich. I doe not know him.

Foot. His name is well known in *Lincolneshire* neere the *Fenns*; there were of his family Ancient Gentlemen before the conquest, some say, ever since the flood,

Sir Rich. Little Land?

Foot. But hee has now more land then 3. of the best of the sheere, thank the dutch men that have drunke up al the water.

Sir Rich. They water-drinkers?

Foot. Why not, as well as eate dry land? they are lyn'd with butter; Sir; they feare noe droplies.

Sir Rich. Shee has bin absent these two yeares, the occasion her dislike and disaffection to a Gentleman whome I confesse, I did severely urge her to marry, if shee have liv'd with you, as my late intelligence informs me in the nature of a Servant, which is beneath my wish and her cōdition, I hope upon this knowledge, you will with consideration of her qualitie shee beinge my only

only child and heyre to my fortunes, use her like a Gentlewoman: and though my yeares have made me unfitt for travell I doe Intend upon the returne of my daughter, whome I shall receive as a new blessinge from you, to expresse my selfe for your favour

Your trew Frend and Servant

WILLIAM LITTELAND.

My maid *Dorothy* A knights daughter & heire? doe you know your younge Mistrisse?

Foot. I shall bee happie to see her, with a Letter and token from her *Lady* Mother.

Sir Rich. I pray trust me to deliver it.

Foot. I, With all my heart, Sir; you may command.

Sir Rich. *Toomas*, pray entertaine this *Footman* in the buttery: let him drinke & refresh him selfe and set the cold chine of beefe before him hee has runn hard.

Tho. That will stay his stomack indeede; but claret is his only binder.

Foot. Sack while you liue after a heate, Sir.

Tho. Please you, I'le shew you the way to be drunke. *Exit with Footman.*

Sir Rich. *To my lovinge daughter?* may not this bee a trick? *Enter Vnderwitt.*

By your favour Madame; Captaine, gather you the sence of that Letter, while I peruse this, you know Mistris *Dorothy*?

Vnd. I have had a greate desire to know her, I con-

I confeſſe, but ſhee is ſtill like the bottom of the mapp, *Terra incognita*, I have ben a long time hoveringe about the Magellan ſtrayte● but have made no new diſcoveryes.

Sir Rich. Ha! This is no counterfeit; I dare truſt my owne Judgment; tis a very rich one I am confirm'd, and I will ſeale them up againe. My *Ladyes Woman* Sir *William Littelands* daughter and heyre? what ſay you now of Miſtreſſe *Dorothy*?

Vnd. A great deale better then I did, and yet I have loud her this halfe yeare in a kinde of way, of my conſcence, why may not I marry her?

Sir Rich. This jewell was ſent by her Mother to her.

Vnd. Deare Vncle conceale it till I have talkt with her, oh for ſome witchcraft to make all ſure.

Sir Rich. I like this well: ſhee's here.

Enter Dorothy.

Vnd. I vow, Miſtreſſe *Dorothy*; if I were immodeſt, it was the meere impudence of my ſack, and not my owne diſpoſition but if you pleaſe to accept my loue now by the way of marriage I'le make you ſatisfaction, like a Gentleman in the point of honour.

Dor. your birth and eſtate is to high and unequall for me, Sir.

Vnd. What care I for portion or a face, ſhee that has good eyes, has good ---
Give me vertue.

Dor. You are pleas'd to make your mirth of me,

Vnd.

Vnd. By this ruby nay; you shall weare it in the broad eye of the world; doeſt thinke I jeſt?

Dor. Sir *Richard*: ---

Vnd. If hee were ten Sir *Richards*, I am out of my wardſhip

Dor. How hee flutters in the lyme-buſh: it takes rarely. *Aſide.*

Vnd. What a neceſſary thinge were a houſhold chapline? *Exit.*

Sir *Rich.* So; ſo; the wench inclynes, I will haſten my jornie that I may appeare with more excuſe, when they are married in my abſence. *Exit.*

Enter Maſter Courtwill, Siſter and Device.

Court. Come wee are faſt enough, and now I have thee, I'le tell the all the fault I finde, thou haſt a little two much wit to bee a wife: it could not bee too nimble for a Miſtreſſe. There is a part of your pennance ſtill behind *Device*; you would pretend to bee a poet, I'le not diſgrace the name to call thee one, but let me have rimes againſt wee goe to bed, Two Anagraimes that weigh an ownce with coment, and after that, in verſe your affidavitt that you doe with us joye, and I'le diſcharge you.

Dev. Tis time I were at ſtudy then.

Exit Device.

Court. About them, your double congie, and depart with ſilence: now prithee tell me who reported I had wrong'd a *Lady*? Was it not

not thy revenge to make me Angry?

Sift. It was indeed Now tell me; why at the firſt approach ſeem'd you ſo modeſt? you have confidence to ſpare, now.

Court. Troth I came not with any wooinge purpoſe: only to pleaſe my Vnkle, and try thy witt and that converted me. *Enter Tho.*

Tho. Did you ſee my Maſter Captaine *Vndrwit*?

Court. Yes he's talkinge with a prieſt and Miſtreſſe *Dorothy*.

Tho. Her Fathers *Footeman* is heere, ſhee is a Knights daughter and heyre, but ſhee doth not know it.

Sift. I thinke ſoe?

Court. Where's my Vnkle?

Tho. A myle on his way to London, by this time with Sir *Richard*, I longe to ſee my Maſter. *Exit.*

Court. Wee ſhall want Companie to dance.

Enter Lady.

Sift. My Siſter.

Court. If you pleaſe Madame, you may call me, Brother, wee have ben at, *I lohn take thee Eliſabeth*, a poſſett and foure naked thighes in a bed to night, wee'le bid faire earneſt for a boy too.

Sift. Tis even ſo Madame; the Prieſt has done it

Lad. Nay then all joyes attend you; if this had bin knowen, it might have ſtay'd Sir *Richard*, and your Vnkle one day more.

Enter Vnd-rwit, Dorothy, Sackbury, Thomas.

Vnd. Roome for an other couple.

Tho.

Tho. In hell, my Maſter is maried,

Lad. My husband left ſome letters, and a token was ſent you Miſtris *Dorothy*, you did ill to obſcure your ſelfe ſo much, you ſhall not want hereafter all reſpects that may become you

Dor. Madame I know not what you meane.

Cap. Shee will not take it upon her, yet.

Vnd. There is the ſport *Enter Device.*

Dev. Oh Madame, newes; Ill newes; an Accident which will blaſt all your mirth, Sir *Francis*; ---

Court. What of him.

Dev. Has broake; ---

Court. His neck?

Dev. You gueſſe very neere it, tis but, his ſhoulder has ſav'd that Joynt; a fall from his horſe they ſaye hath much endangerd him.

Court. My Vnckle hurt? *Exit*

Lad. Hee has kept his word; now if hee counterfeyte handſomely.

Vnd. Monſieur *Device*, I muſt entreat a courteſie: you have wit and I will have a Maſque to entertaine my new Father in Law Sir *William Littleland*; Miſtris *Dorothy* now my wife is his only daughter & heyre

Dor. Who has gull'd you thus? I am no Knights daughter.

Dev. Give you Joy Captaine

Vnd. Shee is ſtill loath to confeſſe it.

Enter Sir Francis; Maſter Courtwell, Lady, Sister, Sackbury.

Fran. If you loue charitie; a bone ſetter.

Lad. Hee counterfeites rarely, where is Sir *Richard*. *Fran.*

Fran. Hee rid before, but I ſent my Footeman, to tell him my misfortune; oh; Madame.

Lad. This is better then the tooth atch; he carries it excellently.

Fran. Aske me no torturinge queſtions, I deſire Madame a little conference with you, I'le thanke the reſt if they will withdraw.

Court. Lett's leaue him.

Vnd. Wee'le to my chamber, Captaine.

Sack. You have a minde to examine the buſineſſe privatly.

Vnd No, good Captaine you may bee preſent; come; *Thomas*, thou ſhalt bee wittneſſe too. *Exeunt.*

Lad. They are gone, you faine moſt Artificially, let me embrace you.

Fran. Oh take heede.

Lad. What's the matter.

Fran. Tis noe diſſembling, Madame; I have had a fall indeede: a dreadfull fall, I feele it, I thinke my horſe ſawe the devill in ſome hedge, ere I had rid three furlongs: gaue a ſtart, pitch'd me off his back like a barre and broake a flynt with my ſhoulder, I thinke; which ſtrooke fire too there was ſomethinge like it in my eyes; I am puniſhed.

Lad. But is this ſerious, are you hurt indeede?

Fran. Hurt? I have broake my ſhoulder, feelingly, and I am of opinion when I doe enjoy you, Madame, I ſhall breake my neck: that will bee the next; I'le take this for a warninge

warninge and will leaue of in time.

Lad. It makes me tremble.

Fran. I will bee honeſt now, and ſo forgive me, is not the ſurgeon come yet?

Lad. Heaven hath cur'd us both.

Fran. I am not cur'd yet; oh for the bone ſetter, if ever I counterfeit againe.

Lad. There is a bleſsing ſalne upon my bloud: your only thoughts charme had power to make my thoughts wicked; and your converſion diſenchants me: may both our liues be ſuch as heaven may not greeve, to have ſhewed this bountie.

Enter Courtwell and the reſt with Sir Richard.

Court. Sir *Richard*; Madame:

Lad. You may enter now, Sir.

Sir Rich. I doe not like this Straragem, Sir *Francis* muſt not heere practice his court tricks, I will not truſt my wifes ſurgery:

Enter Surgeon.

Hee's come; *Sir Francis led out.*
How is it noble Sir *Francis*; beſt with draw, I'le ſee him dreſt my ſelfe.

Vnd. Madame and Gentleman; Miſtriſſe *Dorothy* will not acknowledge ſhe is a Knights daughter ſhe ſweares ſhe knowes no *Littleland*;

Dor. Till it appeere to whome, this Iemm was meant, deare Madame, bee you treaſurer, I confeſſe I have wealth enough in ſuch a noble husband.

Lad. It ſhall belonge to thee; be honeſt *Dorothy*, and uſe him well.

Dor.

Dor. With my beſt ſtudy, Madame;

Sack. Where is this Footeman you talke of?

Tho. He pretended letters to carry two myles off to a Kinſmans of his Maſters and returne preſently: hee drunke 3. or 4. beere glaſſes of Sack and hee rune away ſo lightly.

Dor. His reward ſhall overtake him.

Vnd. Will you have her; ſheele doe you ſervice, Captaine at a low Country leager or thou *Thomas* I le give thee a coppihold.

Tho. You have one life to come in that leaſe yet, I thanke you I am free, and that is Inheritance. For ought I know ſhee may ſerve us both.

Sack. Come you may perſuade her to take it upon her for your creditt, the gullery is yet with in theſe walls let your ſhames goe noe further, the wench may prove right, ſhee may.

Enter Sir *Richard.*

Lad. What newes from Sir *Francis.*

Sir Rich. Wife I hartily aske thy forgiveneſſe: I had jealous thoughts, but all is right againe.

Lad. I will deſerve your confidence.

Sir Rich. No greate danger, his blade bone diſlocated: the man has put every thinge in his right place

Vnd. Doe you heare Sir *Richard*, wee are married.

Sir Rich. Tis well done t'is to my mynd, ſend you Joy;

Vnd. Come hither *Dorothy.*

Dor

Dor. My Mother dyed, I have it by tradition, ſoe, as ſoone as I was borne my Father but no Knight, is now in the Indies a poore Marchant that broake for 20000.

Sir *Rich.* The ſhips may come home, ha;

Dor. You had beſt uſe me well now wee are married, I will bee ſworne you forc'd me to the church and thriſe compeld me there to ſaie, I *Dorothy* -- The Parſons oath and mine, for ought I know may make it halfe a rape.

Sir *Rich.* There is no remedy wee can proue no conſpiracy; and becauſe I have bin gull'd my ſelfe, gett her with childe; my Doe is barren, at birth of hir firſt baby I'le give thee a hundred peeces.

Vnd. That's ſomewhat yet: when charge coms on, thy hand, a wife can bee but a wife: it ſhall coſt me 500. but I'le make thee a *Lady* in earneſt.

Enter Sir Francis and Surgeon.

Sir *Rich.* How is it Sir *Francis*.

Fran. My *Surgeon* ſayes no danger: when you pleaſe I may venture Sir to London.

Sir *Rich.* Noe haſt now.

Court. Not to night, Sir, wee muſt have revells, and you ſalute my bride.

Vnd. And myne.

Two. A Knights daughter and heyre.

Fran. May all Joyes thriue upon your loues; then you are cozen'd of your Miſtreſſe Monſieur, but your nephew knowes I have

I have met with my match if not put to the worſt.

Sir Rich. Come wee looſe time.

Fran. Preſerve your Marriage faith: a full increaſe of what you wiſh confirme your happineſſe.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE VARIETIE, A COMOEDY,

Lately presented by His Majesties Servants at the *Black-Friers*.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1649.

Dramatis perſonæ.

Sir *William*, A Sutor to the Lady *Beaufield.*

Maſter *Newman*, A Sutor to Miſtris *Lucy.*

Maſter *Manley.*

Galliard, A French Dancing-Maſter.

Simpleton, A Country Chiauſe.

James, his Man.

Jeer. *Major.* } Companions to *Simpleton.*
Jeer. *Minor.* }

Formall, Gentleman-uſher to the Lady *Beaufield.*

A Juſtice and his Clarke.

Lady *Beaufield*, A Widdow.

Miſtris *Lucy*, her Daughter.

Miſtris *Voluble.*

Nice, A Chambermaid.
Mother to *Simpleton*.
Barbara, A Chambermaid.
Ladies.
A Chirurgion.
A Coachman.
Wenches.
Constable and Officers.
Servants and Attendants.

THE VARIETIE

Act I. Scæne I.

Enter Sir William (at one doore:) Mr Manly (at the other.)

Sr. *Wil.* IAck *Manly*, well met.

Man. Noble Sir *William* the humblest of your servants.

Sr. *Wil.* Come, thou shalt along with me.

Man. Whither?

Sr *Wil.* To see my Mistris.

Man. May you thrive in your courtship to her: at this time I am engag'd to other business.

Sr *Wil.* Can any thing concerne a Gentleman equall with a handsome Lady?

Man. Yes, the receiving of money is more considerable with me at this time, than all the women in the world. But who is your Mistris Knight?

Sr *Will.* I dare tell thee, Madam *Beaufield*, the

Lady of ſpirit, and entertainment, the only Magnetick widdow i'th Town.

Man. They talk her a wit, and a moſt ſuperſtitious obſerver of perſons, and their garbes; I never had the happineſs to kiſs her hand, or be known to her, but I converſe with ſome who are very high and loud in her character; another time

Enter Jeere Major, and Minor.

Ile wait upon you. Who are theſe?

Sr *Will.* In what grott haſt thou ſpent thy time, that thou art ignorant of theſe people? Theſe two are held the wits; That is the remarkable Jeerer of the Town, and 'has purchas'd to himſelf the title of a *Jeere Major*.

Man. Why, Is there a Regiment of Jeerers?

Sr *Will.* You ſhall pardon me, there are ſets of them, as there are of Fidlers; there is firſt a ſet of Court Jeerers, ſpruce half-witted men, confident, and fierce in their opinions; theſe are men that make themſelves muſick, and their cloths make roome for their wit, and go before in all companies: Then there is the town Jeerers, like Hoboyes or Waites of the City, that think they are wiſe when they are loud, and make a noiſe when they come to Plaies, to diſtract the next mans underſtanding. There are Jeerers at time of the yeer that go down into the Countrey, and infect Wakes, and Faires, and the Sizes, with their impudence, with which they ſave charges, and are never without the name of a great Lord, to whom they are coſin Germane.

Man. But what has he deſerved to be called *Jeere Major*, and to beare ſuch a title? I have ſeen the Rooke.

Sr *Will.*

Sr *Will.* An excellent ill nature has preferd him to opinion: the other has merited but the name of a *Jeere minor*; yet they can see me pleasant in their reproaches, and laugh in their own defence, which many times keeps off the cudgell.

Man. Nay, Jeering is a blessing that every man may have if he give his mind to it: but wit (if I remember what I was taught) happens not to one amongst five hundred on 'em. But I forget my affaire.

Sr *Will.* Shall's meet and be merry this Evening.

Man. Theres no musick in me without my singing birds about me, then I am a Lord, and when I put on my habit of *Leister*, I am his own excellence.

Sr *Will.* Dost thou preserve that hum or still?

Man. I may chance by the false light of the Evening march to thy Lodging.

Sr *Will.* Dost know where tis? I am remov'd. *(whisper.*

Man. So, no discoveries what Prince I am.

Sr *Will.* A match: that shape will beget us some mirth.

Man. Your most humble servant. *Exit.*

Sr *Will.* My Mistris is somewhat melancholy, if he come in that phantasticall habit, we shall have rare sport beyond his expectation, to have the Ladies laugh at him. *Exit.*

Enter Simpleton, and Jeerers.

Simp. This is very fine wit yfaith, and soone learnd I thinke; a little more cn't sweet Gentlemen.

1 *Jeer.* Suppose you were foxd last night; thus I come to you, and accost; Save you Sir; you must

know I must laugh all the while; how fare you Sir? Do not some fumigations remaine, some vapours not dissipated, a kind of Vertigo, a weakning of the Nerves, or so? Ha, ha, ha, what thinks your Worship of milke now, thin broth, or a Julip of pitifull Six for a penance to settle you, or a haire of the same whelp? Ha, ha, ha, there's wit for you.

Simp. There's no harme in the world in it, nor no exceptions if you laugh in the right place.

2 *Jeer.* Now imagine you met an honourable Gentleman that had got a hurt in the groine; thus I invade you; but the laugh must hold me too.

Simp. By any meanes, I cannot choose but laugh my self.

1 *Jeer.* There is no safe jeering without it.

2 *Jeer.* Sir, you have been at push of pike and received a hurt, upon some unslaught in some female service. Ha, ha, ha; your breath is Aromatick since you kiss'd your Mistris, and your water out-smells the violet, ha, ha, ha; by the powerfull--- yclipped Turpentine, tis true; what pitty tis you went without a charme, or had no acquaintance with a Laplander, to make you *Venus*-shot-free? Ha, ha, ha; and how many french tenniscalls have you in your flanke now? ha, ha, ha.

1 *Jeer.* You sate up at play all night, and lost your money; another now.

Simp. Not I a penny, I lent a buffe Gentleman that lookt big upon me, after an ill hand, twenty peeces upon halfe a dozen oaths.

1 *Jeer.* A good pawne, keep his oaths, if he do not pay your money, take the forfeit, and if he be

a Gameſter he'll be undone for want of ſwearing.

2 *Feer.* Suppoſe it loſt?

1 *Feer.* Me thinks Cavallier you looke pale ſince you came from the charnelhouſe, did the bones affright you? you are a moſt religious Gentleman when you are at dice, and do ſo pray for 3 fives 3 foures at in and in: with what devotion you look on the ſeven of Spades and eight of Diamonds at cribbiſh? ha, ha; how zealouſly you invoke the Saints to fit you with cards at picket, or lebet.

Simp. I invoke the Saints?

1 *Feer.* I ſpeake to the catholicke gameſter, that underſtands all games.

Simp. By the way though, doe you think there are any gameſters in heaven?

1 *Feer.* It is to be feared, they may loſe ſo much upon earth, they will hardly purchaſe a place there, or if any get thither, (which muſt be excellent throwing) he would be more call'd upon, and perhaps puld downe agen, upon every diſpute at play to be Groome porter.

2 *Feer.* How like you theſe?

Simp. You ſhall both with me to my Miſtris, and help to *Feere* my rivalls.

1 *Feer.* Your Miſtris?

Simp. I Miſtris *Lucy*, Lady *Beaufeilds* daughter, my Landlady Miſtris *Voluble* has commended me to her, and I hope to carry her, if one Gentl. that ſhe loves better do not get her away?

Ambo. Wee'l jeere him to death.

Simp. That were an excellent way, I thinke there is no ſtatute againſt that, I care not what becomes on him, he put bitter jeſts upon me to-

ther day before the Ladies, and I making uſe of your wit Gentlemen, he told me to my face, that I talk'd nothing but clinches; as I am a Gentleman he did.

2 *Jeer.* Oh barbarous!

1 *Jer.* You ſhall wound him with his owne weapon, and by a direction we can give you, you ſhall ſo jeere him, that he ſhall offer boote to change underſtandings with you.

2 *Jeer.* Wee'l make him ſo ridiculous, he ſhal laugh at himſelfe.

Simp. That will be rare; I have ſent for my Mother to towne to be acquainted with Ladies, and learn dreſſing; my Landlady hath promiſed to commend a Gentlewoman to waite upon her, and teach her the art of painting, and all the poſtures of a great woman; I do meane ſhe ſhall marry ſome Knight or other, and be Ladified.

2 *Jeer.* It wil be neceſſary.

Simp. Though I ſay it, the woman is flexible, and has been in her daies— My Father might have been a Knight, and he had not been an Aſſe, and lov'd his mony; but we loſe time, let's to my Miſtres Gentlemen.

Both We attend ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Formall (with a Table Booke.)

For. The ſame day, a Dolphin taken in a net at *Woolidge*, and ten live Pilchards in a Salmons belly——ſtrange things! the 13. of *July*, the Caramountaine kittend in the Tower: an Eeleſhip ſprung a leak ſhooting the Bridge,——heere are prodigious things. *Enter Newman.*

Mr. *Newman.*

New. Mr. Uſher, how does your Lady?

For.

For. She is in health.

New. And Miſtris *Lucy*?

For. Both in the Garden. Sir you have good intelligence, what newes abroad? a touch to your ſervant.

New. Alas you are acquainted with the ſtate myſteries.

For. Troth Sir, I know little, or if I did, I would be loath to ſpeake it, but to a friend, the times are dangerous.

New. Y'are right Mr. *Formall*, but be not nice, I know you are furniſh'd with newes, as well as ſome that give penſions, though 'twere to a Captaine in theſe warlike-times, to have it made for 'em; you being a quotidian ambler upon impertinent viſits, muſt needs gleane the ſecrets of the court and ſtate.

For. Sir I dare truſt you with any thing, but pray do not ſpeak on't; there is a great man in the world———

New. Think you ſo?

For. That ———

New. What has he done?

For. You ſhall excuſe me, but ———

New. What his name?

For. You ſhall excuſe me for that too; a word to the wiſe; you can gueſſe what I meane, and let that paſſe; and now we talke of ſtate affaires, there is a packet come out of the North, and a box——in your eare ſir.

New. What is ſaid to be in that packet?

For. Ther's the buſineſſe, but that no body knowes.

New. Is't poſſible?

For. Tak't upon my word; you are a friend, I heare further at Mr. *Secretaries,* but you muſt ſay nothing of it, you undoe me if you doe, the King goes to *Hampton* Court next weeke, but how long he ſtayes is uncertaine. Sir, you ſee I put my ſelfe into your hands.

New. But is this done like a wiſeman to reveale theſe myſteries, to truſt theſe ſecrets to one you have not known above 7 Yeare, if I ſhould inform what will become of you, and your eſtate? oh you muſt be cautious, though for my part——

For. Oh Sir! I know to whom I ſpeak, and will tell you more, for I dare truſt you with my ſoule; they ſay the Northerne progreſſe holds this yeare, and that the Elke is dead in the new great parke

New. I hope not.

For. Tis as I tell you, by the fall of a tree, doe not you remember a tempeſt foure nights agoe? then 'twas, bluſtring times Mr. *Newman.*

New. That makes *Van Trumpe* ſo troubled with the winde colicke, but now the *Hollanders,* as they report, have many Engineers and Mathematitians ſet awork, how to keep and vent it at their pleaſure, and ſo to ſerve in Navigation for their ſhips, that there may be *ventus liber,* as well as *ventus clauſus*, anſwerable to the two Seas.

For. Ha, ha! that's newes indeed, alas mine is but domeſtick, but what do you heare of *London* Bridge? it is whiſper'd by ſome it will, and ſome againe point blank ſay it will nor be repaired; but make not me the Authour.

New. And I do heare the Camells decay at *Tiballs*;

Tiballs: but pray no more of it from me.

For. You shall not doubt me Sir, you do not heare of the Dolphin——

New. O *France*?

For. Taken a *Woolidge* in a net.

New. Of Italian cutworke.

For. The newes is not common of the Pilchards, the Catamountaine, nor the Eeleship?

New. Not a word.

For. You shall heare more; I am your servant. Here is Mistris *Lucy* Sir, and Mistris *Voluble*.

Enter Lucy and Voluble.

Vol. I confesse he has no overcharge of wit, that will be your happinesse, he has a good estate, and you may live with more delight than a court Lady, he is a handsome man too, I am bound to give you my advise, for your mothers sake, whose servant I am by many obligations, she has been my customer for face-water, and pomatum these many yeares.

Lu. But if you be so skilfull, as you are profest, and read in the secrets of nature, you can tell by your art where I shall fixe my affection, doe not you know Mr. *Newman*.

Vol. I never see the Gentleman, but I am not ignorant that he marches in the Vanne, and leades the file of your amorous servants, but——

Lu. But what?

Vol. If you love your selfe.——

Luc. He is a well-bred Gentleman, and one deserves my good opinion, hee's here.

New. They observe me——*Exit Form.* I kisse your hand faire Mistris *Lucy*: whats she that lookes so like one of the *Sibills*?

Vol Is this the Gentleman you declare so civill, and well-bred, Lady? If I have any skill take heed on him, he has an unlucky countenance.

New. This Gypsey will but cozen you.

Lu. She is excellent cunning, and has foretold strange things, beleeve it.

New. If my Mistris have an opinion of her Art, she may do me a displeasure; I have heard much talk of this woman, some say she is a Witch too, and weares the Devill in her thumbe Ring, I would not anger one of her Familiars. Take no offence Mistris at the rudeneſſe of my Language, this Lady shall give a very faire pawne, the word of a Gentlewoman, that I shall be of good behaviour, if you please not to interpret me too hastily.

Vol. There is some texs in your forehead Sir that wants a comment, but Ile not so much study your satisfaction.

Lu. Nay, thou shalt not be displeased with him.

Enter Lady Beaufield, and Sir William.

Vol. Alas, I am not angry; heres my Lady and Sir *William*.

Beau. You are Master of an excellent language Sir.

Sr *Wil.* You honour me too much, it is because you are the excellent Subject Madam, and being the perfection of your Sexe, an argument to create Eloquence in every tongue.

Beau. Then I must think you flatter; these praises are misplac'd. I shall suspect you love me not, or are not wise.

Sr *Will.* Why Madam?

Beau.

Beau. You take such paines, and make a pilgrimage to thats within your reach; I must confess I like Discourse, but think not all my soule plac'd in my eare; although I love a Lute well, it follows not I should dote upon a Cimball.

Sr Wil. A Cimball?

Beau. And dance as I were stung with a *Tarantula*, when you are at it, rosting of a Galliard? You overdo this instrument, give me your courtship in a phrase is fit to own and understand.

Sr Will. Your pardon Madam; I affect not bold and over-rack'd Hyperboles, although I might insist upon the wealth and fulness of your merits, to which, all praise, that can flow from me, is Justice, such command you have upon your humble Servant, I rather wish my tongue a forfeit to perpetuall silence, then with one harsh sound offend your eare; you'l give me leave I hope to say I love you.

Beau. This is English Sir, and some do call it fence; 'tis faire, and fit, when any Lady's private with her Servant; 'tis what I learn'd a child, I have not yet outgrown the knowledge.

Sr Wil. Did you love so young?

Beau. I understand the meaning of your language, 'tis not perplext, and you may love me too, and tell me so, and I may understand you; what need compartments here, freeses, and words of Architecture, that will make things hard to the understanding? As you could not build a sence in love without 'em? Yet I bar not the freedom of Discourse, and use of Metaphors: And you may praise us too in Verse, or Prose, to shew the exaltation of your wit in company, but 'tis the worst discourse..

discourse when we are private.

Sr *Will.* If I had confidence she would direct me——action I beleeve when opportunity Invites——

Beau. To what good Knight? be not mistaken, I commend courtship in words, that are made round like pills fit to be swallowed, and not ragged bullers.

Sr *Wil.* 'Tis a strange Lady, I know not how to take her.

Vol. My Lady? Madam——

Beau. Art thou come?

Vol. Is it your Ladiships pleasure I shall read to day?

Beau. By any meanes, the Ladies will not faile, we should forget our Academy: Sir *William* we must entreat your patience, and Ma- (*Vol. whispers* ster *Newman.* (*to Sr* Wil.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Ladies.

Beau. Say I wait upon 'em.

Sr *Wil.* Ile take my opportunity.

Vol. You will engage him to credulity, and prepare some mirth.

Enter Formall.

For. Mounsier *Galliard* the Dancer attends Madam.

Beau. He must give way to another exercise; Sir *William* you shall do us a favour if you please to entertaine a little time with him in the next Cham'er, our Lecture will not be long, and sweet Mr *Newman* the French-man will delight you with his discourses, he has a tongue as confident as his feet, if you can but humour him.

Sr *Wil*

Sr *Wil.* You ſhall command us Madam.

Beau. That Done wee'l joine ſocieties and mirth. Come Mrs *Voluble.*

Vol. I hope you will excuſe my imperfections. *Exeunt.*

Act II. Scæne I.

Table and ſix Chaires ſet out. Enter Lady Beaufield, Lucy, and other Ladies, Miſtris Voluble.

Vol. IT is an infinite favour, (moſt excellent Ladies) and muſt needs ſpeak the ſweetneſs of your nature and diſpoſitions, that y'are pleas'd to hear me, ſo weak and unworthy of the Chaire, rather deſerving to be in the number of Diſciples, than a profeſſor in any of the female ſciences; but as your vertues are more exemplary, in this honour to me, the humbleſt of your Servants, it will become me, in the gratitude to ſo noble a bounty, not to waſte time, but ſuccinctly to deliver, what I could not finiſh without treſpaſſe on your patience; at my laſt reading I did conclude with old Ladies, that will cozen Nature, and Time, and abuſe the men they love beſt; to theſe *I* only add, it is not *Mercury* to change their skins like Snakes, but they muſt fill up wrinckles as well as hide gray haires: your red leather is for Countrey Wenches, your white waſh, or Spaniſh Fucus is the beſt, but a tire woman,

man, or coverer of time or nakednes must be kept in pension: for it is now fashionable to buy one of her apprentice Girles out of her time, as Lords and Gentlemen do Barbers boyes. Amongst other ornaments, Ribbands challenge no meane place, the variety, and blason of these, I have elsewhere examined. For your finest Laces, the *Angel* in *Cheape*, but they must be dearer then others, because they come in Coaches, for pride or statelines in any thing adds charges. Touching Gloves, might I advise, I would have a few selected Ladies, to procure some ingenious Gentleman at a reasonable pension to lye Leiger for them at *Rome* for Frangepane Gloves, and such other correspondent things as may be of moment and great consequence to your Ladyships: But then I must advertise, and most seriously, that he may be a man of parts, and somewhat smelling toward the Roman Wash, that he may give you intelligence of that State, and humours of the Cardinals, or those that pretend to it, be they little or great, for this concernes the state Ladies here: For your swarfie Mountebanke *Italian*, he utters sophisticated *Holborne* Gloves for Frangepane, *Essex* Cheese for Parmesan, rotten post for sweet powder, pickled white Leather for Mushromes, and cozens more with his broken English, then the wits can get honestly with their best language.

1 *Lady* The Merchant of Italian Saulsages, A meer Quack.

Vol. But then I would advise your Ladiships to have another Gentleman sent into *Spaine* for perfumes, pocket Fannes, orange flower water, Orange flower butter, beauty, *Aqua de Chedrey*, and

and many provocatives, as *Contrayerua*, and *Foco lata*.

2 *Lady* It is a very learned Gentlewoman.

Vol. For Holland, 'tis too deare in *Spaine*, therefore for a conſcionable cozenage over and above, here are honeſt Dutchmen will ſerve you moſt faithfully. For Jewels, you may buy them at what rates you pleaſe, they add luſtre to a Lady, and you may ſell them at a fift or ſixt part, which is very well for a great Madam, if you would put them off at the beſt rate, you muſt get ſome Doctor of Phiſick, or broking Apocriphall Captain, to ſhew them (as if there were fornication in it) behind the doore, hanging or curtaine, which makes his fingers like Jewellers cardes to ſet rings on, for there are bawdes for rings and Jewels, as well as for other commodities.

Beau. What do you think of this caution Madam?

Vol. For your Linnen, it muſt be fine, and freſh every day, therein conſiſts humane delight. For linnen breeches, though ſome think them cleanly, in my opinion they imitate a Dutch Stove too much. For Aprons, plaine Holland is moſt becomming, ſtarch'd Lawne was in Queen *Elizabeths* time, and will not endure rumpling, every thing muſt be ſquar'd by uſe and elegance; but for your white Shoes, rich Roſes, light-coloured ſilk Stockings, and ſuch variety below ſtaires, they are great Inducers, as a learned man told me, (I will not ſay a Divine) for Love, moſt excellent Ladies, doth ſometimes aſcend, as well as deſcend.

But ſtill remember Ladies, that your Fanne be ſo little, as not to loſe the leaſt ſmirke, or grace

of

of your countenance for it, for then being so small, when you put it to your face, some Courtiers may take it for a black patch. Then for your oaths, I protest is out of fashion, I profesſe for a Justice of Peaces Wife, I vow too masculine, yfaith for a Chambermaid, Introth for a Landerer, As you hope to live, too like a Prayer; Never stir, would disadvantage a Lady many waies, besides visits; For the active wenches of the time, May they be damn'd eternally, and lose all their designs if it be not so; Upon my honour sounds well, which in a great Lady can never be forfeited if she be in love, for great women have their privilege of Nobility, and can never be forsworn like the Common people.

Lu. Is Perjury in women no breach of Laws?

4 *Lady.* You have the Doctors opinion.

Vol. One touch, if you grow old, which I omitted formerly, When time, which is the moath of beauty, creeps upon you, you must be sure to have so many leaves and curtaines before your windows, that you may shew your selves at more varions lights than the most cozening Mercer his faded and deceitfull Wares, for the youth of your white Satin will be then but pearle colour at the best, it may be but ash-colour, and therefore refuse no advantage to give it gloss, according to the conclusion of a moderne Poet, which at this present shall be mine.

Wise Ladies must refuse no Art
For age will snow upon their heart:

Beau. You have done us a great honour, and Ladies you shall not deny me this favour to taste of a small banquet that waites upon you in the next

next roome, ſhall I ſhew the way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir *William*, Mr. *Newman*, *Monſieur Galliard.*

Gal. Me be content to have de litell patience, and be my trot, me tell you, vat me have ſeene a to day, de fine ſport in de varle, me come into de great man to day, me make de reverence Alamode, come ill faut, and he make me de eſtrange a Sir reverence de tird time, dat ever you ſaw.

Sir *VVil.* That was not civill.

New. Oh Monſieur, every man has not the activity of your feet.

Gal. By my fat, 'tis very eſtrange a ding, dat dey will ſuffer a des men to be neere a de King, a de Queene, de Prince, or de Princeſſe, dey vil marra de underſtanding very muſh.

Sir *Wil.* Why Mounſieur that lyes at the other end.

Gal. Begar you ſhall excuſe a me, for de Courtier Alamode, dere de vit lie in de foot, begar dere is nobodie can be viſeman, dat does no make a de moſt excellent reverence, dat is moſt certaine, dat is the beſt ting in de hole varle.

Sir *Wil.* I am cleare of his opinion.

New. But do you think *Cæſar* Sir, or moſt of the Emperors or worthies of the world, ſtudied the liberall ſcience of the foot, or puiſſant toe?

Gal. No, but begar dat make dem dye all unfortunate, for if dey had tinke of noting but de reverence, dey might ha live a great a while.

Sir *Wil.* Excellent well argued, and very cleare in my underſtanding.

New. I confeſſe the wiſedome of it Sir, but for

for the wit do you thinke that lyes there?

Gal. Dat be de beſt vit can be poſſible, for your vit, vat is your vit? your vit is to breake a de jeaſt, vel, looke you now a me, me vil breake a de jeaſt, dat is like dat a me lor, dat is like dat of de Knight, dat is like dat of de Ientilman, ha, ha, ha! dere is now one, two, tre very good jeaſts, by my trot dey are ſo very good jeaſt, dat make a me ſicke wide laugh, and begar me vil make a de page, de lacquey, & all de foole in de court, breake a des very good jeaſt, very quickly, dat is a noting.

Sir *VVil.* To any purpoſe?

New. What doe you thinke of the grave Aldermen? they are wiſe, and yet they doe not trouble themſelves much about legs.

Gal. Be my trot, me ſpeake a to de King, and to de Queene, to give me a patten, dat none ſhall teach a de Aldermen to make a de reverence but my ſelfe, and me vil undertake dat vid in one 12 a mont, but den dey muſt doe nothing elſe, dey ſhall make a de reverence, vid de Aldermen in de paris, and dance a Coran, a Cereban, a Mountague, and dat vil be very brave.

Sir *VVil.* VVhat faculties ſome men have?

New. But what ſhall buſineſſe do in the meane time *Mounſieur*?

Gal. Is not dis very great a buſineſſe? nay begar, me vil undertake to de King and to de Queen to make a my Lor Mayre de Sheriff and de Aldermen very fine a mask.

Sir *VVil.* And to write it *Mounſieur*?

Gal. Aw, de write? dat is noting alamode, your ſpeeſh two, tre, yard long, pſhaw? give me de quick a ſpirit, de fancie, de brave ſcene,

de

de varietie of de Antimaſque, de nimble a foot, no matre de ſence, begar it vole be de brave ting in de chriſtian varle.

Sir *VVil.* There is no queſtion to be made.

Gal. And be my trot if me have a noder patten for de counſell learned in the law, for to teach dem de reverence, dat vil be very great varke, but my diligence, and skill in dat matre, have no deſpaire, to effect in time dis great benefit, and dat vil make a de law flouriſh, and Englan a brave Englan, begar.

New. I won't doubt your abilityes, but I feare the capacity of the Gentlemen you undertake.

Sir *VVil.* But what will you look for now, for your paines *Mounſieur?* that is conſiderable.

Gal. Begar me looke for very muſh, for tis muſh paine, and tis brave ting, beſide me locke for a ſtatur of de braſſe, in de pallace yard, ven me goe out of dis varle.

Sir *VVil.* You will deſerve it as a rare patriot; but what manner of reverence would you have the grave lawyers to Imitate, you muſt conſider their robes:

Gal. Obſerve a me.

New. Such a reverence under your favour, would not become men of their gravity, one alwayes lookes for a Coranto after it, and provokes a man to whiſtle, or ſing when he ſees it, and makes one thinke ſtill, what you would have a moneth, a little too much of the activity.

Gal. Begar you no underſtand de matre, vere is your breine? dere is noting in de varle like a dat motion for de Ientillman, and for de Ientilvoman.

Sir *VVil.* Yes by your leave ſir there is ſome-

thing

thing elſe that is as good for them.

Gal. I vil tell you now, begar, here is a de kinſman dat is a me, and he live here very muſh time, before he come, dey vent in vid deir toes, and hold der cloke juſt a dere, and de hat ſo, he, le diable! and now dey valk vid deir toes out for brave genty, you call dat a de ſplay foot, but me vonder dat de Lady no come, begar me no uſe to dis patience, and de vaite, pray tell you Madam dat me have autre buſines vid de Lor, and de autre Lady have de uſe of my foot begar.

New. Oh Monſieur by no means.

Sr *Wil.* Let us prevaile.

Gal. Tis no good you hold a me, begar, me no ſtay two minute to ſave a your ſoule, dat is de reſolution of de Cavalier de *France*. ——— *Exit*

Sr *Wil.* Would any man beleeve there ſhould be ſo much folly in this Cubit ſquare?

New. Do you think he is a French Dancer? let that anſwer you, and wonder he has no more *Caprichios*. But theſe Ladies are very tedious, we muſt have this Lecture put down.

Sr *Wil.* They are more like to purchaſe *Greſham* Colledg, and enlarge it for publick Profeſſors, you may live to ſee another Univerſity built, and only women commence Doctors.

New. But now we talk of learned women, you have been acquainted with Miſtris *Voluble*, has ſhe the abilities the women talk of? they ſay ſhe is a Fortune-teller.

Sr *Wil.* She is for more then Artificiall VVhite and Red, ſome think her guilty of the Black-Art, ſhe has foretold ſo many ſtrange things, ſhe has had two Husbands, and propheſied long before, how,

and

and when they ſhould give up the Ghoſt, if ſhe be not a Witch ſhe has the more wrong, for ſhe is beleev'd a deviliſh cunning woman.

New. Poſſible!

Sr *Wil.* There's no a Lady with child but conſults her Aſtrology, whether it ſhall be male or female; and the waiting women how long they ſhall keep their maidenheads, and who ſhall father the firſt borne, the Maſter or the ſervingman; ſhe is held a *Sibill* in the City, and tells oraculouſly whether the Husband or the VVife ſhall die firſt, how, when, and where, and all this ſometime by obſervation of the hand, or forehead; ſhe can ſee a maid through a maske, and is excellent at ſtolne goods, for ſhe can ſee a theefe through a millſtone as well as a conjuring glaſſe; in brief, ſhe is held prodigious at Divination, and moſt ſpecially ſeldome failes in her Judgment of the two deſtinies, Matrimony, and Hanging, this I have heard Sir.

Enter Simpleton, and Jeerers

Sim. Sr *William* Your Servant, Maſter *Newman*? that's he.

1 *Jeer.* Jeere him ſoundly.

New. VVhat Gentlemen are theſe?

2 *Jeer.* He has betraid his ignorance already, he does not know us.

Simp. VVhat, not the Major, and the Minor?

New. Not the Major, nor the Minor.

1 *Jeer. Cede majori* Sir, *Cede majori.*

2 *Jeer. Parce minori* Sir, *Parce minori.*

New. Here will be a fine concluſion from theſe premiſes, and they were worth conſidering.

Simp. Theſe two are wits.

Sr *Wil.*

Sr *Will.* Are they your wits? Pray heaven you may not lose 'em.

Simp. If you love wit observe a little, and if I do not make you laugh, never laugh while you live.

Sr *Wil.* I thank you Sir.

Simp. You shall here how I will jeere *Newman*, my Rivall now; such wit, wit of the last Edition: Let me have faire play, and these most ingenious friends of mine shall be judges.

Sr *Will.* I think so, 'twill passe time till the Ladies come.

Simp. Mr *Newman*, you are a pretty Scholler, pray what is wit?

Sr *Will.* A thing you want.

1 Jeer. A very pretty Probleme.

New. Will you or these Gentlemen be bound to understand me?

Simp. Ha, ha, ha, that's a clinch, to understand me.

New. A clinch?

Sr *Wil.* I understand none.

Simp. Oh sir, a palpable clinch; Ha, ha, ha, aske my friend.

New. Is that your opinion?

Simp. Theres another clinch yfaith, ha, ha, ha.

New. Pray sir, what is't a clock?

Sr *Wil.* The mystery of this?

New. What is a clinch sir, do you know what 'tis?

Simp. I neither know, nor care what 'tis, so I laugh, and sweare 'tis a clinch, that's disgrace and reproach enough to any man. With what ease can we cry up our own wit and anothers down, only by saying

ſaying that's a clinch. I think I ha jeerd him:

1 *Jeer.* Oh the waies to wit are much ſhortned in theſe latter times, 'tis a picant age.

New. They have a gunpowder-plot to blow up ſence; pray Gentlemen take truce with your ſpleenes, and the wiſeſt of you three informe me what is wit; you have no patience to heare me; or if you will not define it, ſpeake ſomething that is witty, and in faſhion.

1 *Jeer.* Ile tell you then.

Simp. You ſpeak Engliſh to be underſtood, O baſe!

New. VVhat language is your wit?

Simp. Engliſh, but elaborate, for example—— now beat up your kettle drums.

1 *Jer.* Sir, if my opticks faile not, I have read
Each myſtick line within your brow, my Genius
Is much exal-ed at your gaudy Phiſnomy;
Shal's to the houſe of mighty noiſe and ſurfets,
There tinct four ſouls with bloud of purple grape?

New. VVhat's all this?

Simp. Ha, ha, I thought you were ignorant.

1 *Jeer.* Give him the Paraphraſe.

2 *Jeer.* All this is, he remembers perfectly he has ſeene you before.

Simp. And deſires you but to go to the Tavern, and drink a pint of wine; here's language!

Sr *Wil.* Is't poſſible?

New. VVhat a deale of Embroydery is ſpent upon I am glad to ſee you well; How long has this been a vulgar language? You would court a Miſtris rarely in this *Cabala*.

Sr *Wil.* But how ſhall a man beget ſuch high conceits?

Simp.

Simp. Have you a desire to know Sir *William*? shall I tell him?

1 *Jeer.* If he will make it a secret.

Simp. Why, turne your selfe round as fast as you can, and the first things you speak, your head being dissie, will be these.

Enter Beaufield, Lucy, Voluble.

New. What a heavy of Buffoons have we here?

Beau. VVe are at your mercy Gentlemen; but you that had a patience to expect so long, cannot want vertue to forgive, since we had no intent to make so great a trespasse; where's Monsieur *Galliard*?

Sr *Wil.* Madam, he's gone, something displeas'd you had no more regard to a Gentleman of his quality; his time was pretious, and some other Lords and Ladies expected him.

Beau. His absence will admit of easie pardon, 'tis a most superstitious foole; what Gent. are these?

Sr *Wil.* They are things were meant by nature, Madam, a cure for melancholly, we have had such sport and non-sence with 'em

Beau. VVe shall lose time upon 'em, please you, wee'l take a turne i'th Gallery.

(Ex. Beau. and Sir Wil.

Simp. Mistris *Lucy* be tender-hearted to these Gentlemen.

New. They are only fit for your compassion.

Sim. They are worth your acquaintance, Master *Newman* knows 'em; have not their wits a pretty edge?

New. Dismisse your Beagles I shall beat you all three else, and monstrously, indeed I shall; be rul'd, and keep your wits warme, I shall sling out like winter.

Simp.

Simp. I thank you ſir and you be in earneſt; I
Enter James.
proteſt *Major*, and *Minor*, the man's in wrath, away.
Exeunt Ieer.
How now *Iames*.

Ia. I am glad I ha found you ſir, your mother's come to town, ſhe rode behind me.

Simp. Not too loud, where is ſhe? I would not have it known till ſhe have other cloaths, and better breeding.

Ia. She's at your Lodging ſir.

Simp. Miſtris *Voluble*, my mother's come by directions, mum, and make haſte; ſweet Miſtris *Lucy*, I beſeech you take it not unkindly if I depart.

Lu. By no means noble ſir.

Simp. This is my man that has brought me newes out of the Country forſooth.

Lu. None of your Tenants dead I hope?

Simp. Some are Coppyholders, and I hope you wiſh me no harme, but I vow 'tis not my fault that I muſt take my leave ſo abruptly.

Lu. You have a cheerefull licence ſir.

Simp. As I hope to make new Leaſes, and ſell a hundred Acres of wood this Terme, I am very ſorry, but I will waite upon you in the Evening. Noble Mr. *New*.

New. Ha, ha, that's a clinch.

Simp. I am your humble Servant.

New. Another Clinch I proteſt. *Ex. Sim:*

Lu. Now we have opportunity I preethee Mrs *Voluble* for my ſake tell him his Fortune; I have been a ſuitor to know your deſtiny.

New. It will be a favour, it was in my ambition to deſire it.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My *Lady* desires your presence in the gallery.

Lu. I must observe her command, but you may satisfie the Gentleman in my absence, and Mr: *Newman* when you know how the starres have determined of you, make not me a more stranger.

New. I shal be onely fortunate to be yours.

Exit Lucy and Servant.

Now Mistris *Voluble*, if you be acquainted with my starres, and know what fortune they decree me, I stand full prepared; what lines are in my forehead, you observe so?

Vol. Pray let me see your hand.

New. Freely command it.

Vol. Some that doe make a trade of fortune-telling (which is beneath my practise) flatter men for their base end of profit, Ile be plaine.

New. Truth loves no other habit, you prepare me to give you the more faith.

Vol. Tis very strange, but this is most prophetically, you are ——

New. VVhat?

Vol. In love.

New. 'Tis very likely.

Vol. It may not prove so lucky, love is a melanchoy busines.

New. I thinke it be. Is this all you can tell by your art?

Vol. You would know your destiny.

New. VVhat please my starres and you?

Vol. Take this for oracle then, you will do something in a melancholy humour will endanger your neck.

New

New. My necke? ſhall I be hang'd? better the witch were burn'd.

Vol. Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*

New. A pox a your prognoſtick, ſhe has put me
Into a ſweat, and I doe more than halfe
Beleeve ſhe is a witch, or worſe, in a melancholy humour; muſt I doe ſomething to endanger my necke? umh? I ſhall put my ſelfe into a deſperate melancholy with thinking on't; I will be merry, 'tis time to laugh and ſing, thoughts doe not vex me to a new tune, ther's no way but to a Taverne, Ile ſeeke our company.

Love by your leave a while, and lazy folly,
Sacke is the Antidote to melancholy. *Exit.*

Act. III. Scæna. I.

Enter Simpleton, Mother (in riding cloathes) Mrs. Voluble, James.

Moth. I Have obeyed you ſonne, but I ſhall never ſadge with theſe things you talke of.

Simp. Then y'are an aſſe, every childe can doe it.

Moth. I, if I had been a Gentlewoman of a child, much might ha been done.

Vol. Alas after a little time, you wil take pride every day of your ſelfe; I wonder this wench comes

comes not! what? your ſonne has a care of you, and 'tis never too late to learne to be a *Lady*; this maide I commend to you, is a very rare dreſſer to a pinne, and will keepe your linnen with all variety of ſweet bagges and powders, that can be imagined; and for your rich gownes, ſhe will preſerve 'em with the new faſhion-ſereclothes, and make them outlaſt Egyptian bodyes.

Ja. But muſt my old Miſtris be a Lady? that will be fine ifaith.

Simp. The Taylour has taken meaſure for a Lady I am ſure, and three or foure yards of Sattin, more than will ſerve for a Gentlewoman.

Ja. Then ſhe mun be kirſtned, and call'd Madam.

Simp. Peace and harken to my Landlady.

Vol. Beſides ſhe has the rareſt receits to deſtroy moathes, and ſuch a ſoveraigne medicine againſt fleas, that your maides need never to ſqueak as if they were raviſh'd, peeping into their ſmocks before they go to bed.

Mo. That will be fine.

Vol. The wench I tell you on, knowes how to conſume Cornes too, and for fidelity about your box of teeth, falſe haire, your glaſſe eye.—

Simp. My Mother has two eyes of her owne, but that one ſquints.

Vol. Then for all manner of Candles, Aleberries, Poſſets, and preſerves in all kinds, and ſhould you lye in this maid will be the moſt diligent creature about warming of cloaths, and for brothes and gellies moſt excellent, and for all ſtrengthners of nature; then if any of your women be to apt to conceive any thing that is ill,

ſhe

she hath her drinkes of retention, and expulsion—— but Madam

Simp. She is no *Lady* yet.

Vol. Sir I speake what I foresee, and therefore among our selves, Madam agen, this maid is very discreet, you will know what that meanes, not troublesom when your Ladiship would be private, nor suffer any else to trouble you, and beside she will never be in love, which is no small matter for a waiting woman; she is here already---

Enter Nice.

Mrs. *Nice* you are fortunate to be recommended, to attend this, (but a Gentlewoman yet.)

Moth. She is too fine.

Simp. Hold your prating, and heare my Landlady, have not you clothes to come home?

Nice. I shall think my starres have been carefull of me, if I may have the happinesse to shew my duty to so noble a Lady.

Moth. She calls me Lady too.

Simp. They know what will become on you.

Moth. Oh that I could speake so gainely; I am but new come out of the Country, but if you please to be as good as your word, I will doe the best I can, to be thankfull, as they say.

Simp. My mothers very raw, you must coddle her, you will have but a foule hand with her, doe you thinke she will ever come to any good? the truth is, I am asham'd on her, and therefore be not a knowne that she is my mother, till you ha' disciplin'd her, she must live very privately.

Vol. How shall her name, person and estate be publish'd? do not you meane to have her a *Lady*?

Ja. By any meanes sir, and let me be one of her Gentlemen.

Vol. I have it; do you observe the maid I commended to her? She is a Gentlewoman alwaies bred among Ladies, and knows how to talk, and carry her self, before any Knight or Lord in the Court: What, if for the more expedite way to your mothers instructions this wench should take upon her sometime to be her Mistris, and in her name, before strangers, exercise some pride and courtship? 'tis a neerer way by example than precept to arive at any thing; and by observing her Fashion, Garbe, and Language, your mother may be sooner ripe for a Ladiship by at least two months, beside all the rules she may receive from us in private.

Simp. Admirable! My mother is a towardly old woman.

Vol. Old? you do not know how painting may transforme Age; and the wench is not so young as she seems, howsoever this will be only to strangers, and you may with more reputation own her for your mother among Gallants, 'tis but saying she was married at twelve, and you pop'd into the world before thirteen.

Simp. I will leave her to your tuition, and this Gentlewomans education.

Vol. Then 'tis thus Madam, come hither *Nice*

Simp. Iames, thou shalt wait upon me to my Mistris when thou hast better cloaths.

Ja. I have a new suite coming up from top to toe.

Simp. He never live in the Country again, such another clod was I when I came to *London*; mother

ther you muſt be dutifull, 'tis for your own good; but do you heare Landlady, have you ſpoke the powerfull word to my Miſtris? Shall I have her from *Newman*?

Vol. I have read his deſtiny, and if things hit with his credulous nature, he will make himſelf uncapable of her affection; you are the next in preferment, never feare it, and leave your mother to our method and government, we will both edifie, and Ladifie her.

Simp. With all my heart: buoy Lady mother.

Vol. If pleaſe you wee'l withdraw; you muſt be ſecret *Iames*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Manly (in Leiſters habit) the two Ieerers meet him.

1 *Ieer.* What have we here?

2 *Ieer.* The Ghoſt of *Leiſter*?

1 *Ieer.* Thus I have ſeen him painted,
'Tis ſome humorous Gentleman.

2 *Ieer.* A proper fellow?

Man. It is not dark enough; how they gape at me?

1 *Ieer.* Let's make ſport with him, he ſhews admirably by twilight, he has not travelled far ſure; ſuch a ſhape would get money in *Bartholmew* Faire.

2 *Ieer.* Are you a high German ſir?

1 *Ieer.* Yes, 'tis a Fencer; did you not heare of a Swiſſe that came over to be beaten at eight ſeverall weapons?

2 *Ieer.* By your favor ſir, no, 'tis no high German, thoſe breeches are not worne in *Switzer-*

land, there is something of the codpiece——

1 *Jeer.* 'Tis not His Majesties Operatour for the Teeth, that hangs about *Fleet*-bridge.

2 *Jeer.* He's not so handsome.

1 *Jeer.* Were not you one of the brothers that guarded the Dyall at *Bow* Church, and us'd to put Cheapside in mind of their quarters?

2 *Jeer.* No, he wants a Pollaxe; do you think he came not off some Conduit?

1 *Jeer.* I am sure he came not off o'th' saltseller, He is a size too tall.

Man. These rogues will draw a Regiment of Prentices about me presently, and then shall I be apprehended for some sea-monster, and thrown into the Thames at the next Staires, to shew their worships how well I can swim——have you any thing to say to me?

2 *Jeer.* 'Tis English that he speaks, he is one of us.

Man. I am one that will venture to beat you both in the same language, if you leave me not the sooner.

1 *Jeer.* 'Tis some that skulkes in this disguise for debt; we'l say we are officers, and pretend to arrest him.

Man. Nay then have at you bandogs——

Enter Newman, and Gentlemen, (their swords drawn.)

A reskue?

2 *Jeer.* Hold.

New. Down with the Bayliffes, arrest a Gentleman in the Kings high way—— *Ex. Manly*

Gent. So, so, he is escap'd. *Ex. Gent.*

New. You curs'd tadpoles, cannot a Gentleman

man walk i'th' ſtreets, but ſuch Tenterhookes muſt catch him by the cloak?

1 *Ieer.* Noble Maſter *Newman*, we are your ſervants; do not you know us? we are no officers.

New. Ha? If my opticks erre not, I have read
Each myſtick line within your brows,
Ye ſhall both——

1 *Ieer.* Have our skins cut into meaſures.

New. To the Taverne with me.

2 *Ieer.* With all our hearts.

New. We will be drunke together.

Both. You ſhall command us..

New. At my new Taverne where the wine ſhal flow as at a Coronation; fifty Fiddles, and a noiſe of Trumpets come along with me; you two ſhall ſend your tickets out for wenches.

1 *Ieer.* Of all complexions, and degrees, from the Madam Alamode, to the humble Waſtcoteere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Formall, and Lucy.

For. I beſeech you Mrs *Lucy* make not me the Author, I affect Mr *Newman*, but this I receiv'd from good intelligence.

Lu. I am miſerable; I did not think his nature could degenerate into ſo wild a change, it is ſome witchcraft, I muſt grieve for him though I dare not ſhew it.

Fo. Ther is a report, I would be loath you ſhould name me in't, but they confidently ſay; I dare not juſtifie upon my knowledge, that he has kild——

Lu. Good heaven defend; then I am more undone.

For. Nay, these are the fruits of wine and surfets; I did not see him bleed, but I heard it from a man of quality, and one that had been Collector in the Parish, who told me for certaine that Mr *Newman* did kill him.

Lu. Whom? my afflicted heart.

For. It was an Officer that was slaine.

Lu. The more unpardonable——VVhere?

For. In the Parish of *Alhallowes Barking*, the Bell man never dawnd since, comming drunk out of a Taverne at twelve —— he made no more adoe —— there was not such another dog within the VVals; it waited upon the foresaid Bell-man a nights in His Majesties service, to waken the Parish, and all day was hir'd out by a Blind-man, that beg'd, with a Bell about his neck.

Lu. Is that all the murder he has committed?

For. All? you do not consider the blind Begger that's undon by't, or who shall carry the Lanthorne at midnight, to light Gentlemen to the best Ale, and a Bawdy-house; but for my part Ile be no evidence, if the City will suffer such an injustice within their VValls I can be silent, and think.

Lu. VVould this were all the danger, but I feare since he took up this rudeness and strange carriage he may deserve more sorrow.

For. I love not to meddle in other mens affairs, but I know something.

Lu. I prethee tell me all.

For. The Taverne he frequents he has made his Theater at his own charge to act intemperance; o're the great Roome he uses to be drunk in, they say, he has built a heaven, a Players heaven,

ven, and thence a Throne's let down, in which, well heated, ſucceſſively they are drawn up to the clouds to drink their Miſtris health, while the mad mortals adore their God of Grape, and gaping look like earth that's chap'd with heat, although before within three minutes they were drench'd.

Lu. Doſt know that place?

For. You ſhall excuſe me, I know nothing.

Lu. Prethee be not ſo cautious, I am his friend, and pity him; if for my ſake thou woo't but find him out, and tell him I deſire to change but a few words, truſt me, I may amply requite this ſervice.

For. You muſt then keep ſecret what I undertake, Ile do't. Be cautious to whom you ſpeake, we muſt be circumſpect. I will go off inviſible. *Exit.*

Enter Galliard.

Lu. Monſieur *Galliard*, my Lady expects you.

Gal. Begar me no like a dat reverence, me vil change a dat:

Lu. 'Tis the French faſhion as you taught Me Monſieur.

Gal. Ouy, tis de French faſhion, but de French faſhion is alwaies to change, and dis reverence diſpleaſe a me very muſh, becauſe you go back, back vid your buttock, as if ſome vod take you by dat, to vat me vil give a no name.

Enter Sir William, and Simpleton.

Sr *Wil.* Monſieur *Galliard* my Ladie will be here preſentlie.

Simp. Sweet Mrs *Lucie*.

Gal. Dat de reverence is no good of de man, me muſt change dat too; by me trot me doubt dat dis great buſineſs vil almoſt break a my braine, dis

dis great varke, and before a maske of de King and de Queene, me can eate a no meate, no drinke, no sleepe, and me growe so very a leane, vid de contemplation, a so much, by my trot de privy counsell is no so much troubled as me be vid dis, oh, le Diable! deirs is noting, dey fit all the vile dey doe deir busines, me bissey bo're head, and de foot cap a pie, in de french tune, and dat is great matre begar.

Sir *Wil.* You esteeme it highly *Mounsieur.*

Gal. Me tell you, and me tell you no tale, tis great matre to make a de Lor, to make a de Lady, to make a de Gentleman, to make a de Gentilwoman, and de autre man to dance, and to make a de good reverence, for begar dat vil make a de King, de great kin in de varle.

Sir *Wil.* How can that be Sir?

Gal. Me tell you, ven dey are so bissey to learne a de dance, dey vil never tinke of de Rebellion, and den de reverence is obedience to Monarchy, and begar obedience is ale de ting in de varle.

Sir *VVil.* Ple sweare your state affaires ly in your foot, and you are wiser there, than some heads are, and may be a prefident for after ages; but what musick would you governe the people by?

Gal. Begar by de best french fidles can be got?

Sir *VVil.* What thinke you of an Irish harpe, a state organ, or a passionate voyce to a lovers lute?

Gal. Des dull tings make a de men melancholique, and den dey tinke on de Devill, and de treason,

treaſon, and do any ting dat is no good, but begar des french fidles doe fidle all deis tings out of deir head, vid ſuch a Jearke, as ma ſoy make a dem ſo phantaſticall, and make a dem as good ſubject, as any is in de France begar.

Luc. I muſt waite upon my Mother.

Simp. She will be here immmediately.——

Exit Lucy.

She is not right yet.

Gal. Here be one of my coliers, *Mounſieur Simplaton*, ſay you no dat de french fidle make a de brave government in de varle?

Simp. I ſay any thing becomes a Gentleman.

Gal. Obſerve you dat? he have been but two tre mont and he ſay any thing, dat is very brave? he have de grand underſtanding in de foot; tell a me, ven you heare a de little fidell, vat is your tinke? is your head no free from de treaſon, and plot of de rebell, as your leg? begar you no ſtand upon de ground for Joy of de Coran, de Cerebran, de Marquiſs, de Mountague, ha!

Enter Lady Beaufield and Lucy.

Sir *VVil.* My *Lady*.

Gal. Me be your humble ſervant Madam, and ſtay one two tre houre.

Beau. I am now ready for you *Mounſieur*, come *Lucy* the practiſe of the laſt he taught us.

Lady and Lucy dance, Mounſieur ſinging, and correcting them in tune.

Enter Servant. (come.

Ser. The Gentleman you expect Sir *VVilliam* is

Sir *Wil.* Madam prepare your ſelfe for mirth, 'twill be a ſight beyond the pageants.

Beau.

Beau. Wee'l not be ſeen at firſt, *Lucy* with-draw.——— *Exit Lady and Lucy.*

Floriſh.——

Enter Manly (habited)

Man. What meanes this flouriſh? have you a play in hand?

Sir *VVil.* To bid your excellence welcome to this lodging.

Fore *Jove* he lookes prodigiouſly, vouchſafe Us th' honor of your hand. *Man.* Ha!

Enter Lady and Lucy.

Gal. Vat Antick be dis?

Simp. One of the ſupporters of the Brewers Armes.

Beau. Ha, ha, ha, does he take upon him to be a Prince too, and will he ſpeake?

Sir *VVil.* Theſe Ladyes have ambition to kiſſe your hand, and have a great deſire to know, how fares the campe at Tilbury, and pleaſe your Excellentie.

Beau. 'Tis one of *Arthurs Knights* of the round Table.

Sir *Wil.* VVith his circular ſippets; would you thinke that a pigmy poiſon'd ſhould ſwell thus?

Man. I am betraid, there's no retreat with honour, I muſt be confident.

Sir *Wil.* Laugh and Jeere him hanſomely.

Simp. Oh that the Major, and the Minor had been here now, they would teeze him ifaith, *Mounſieur*, aske that Maypole and he can dance.

Gal. Plait il *Mounſieur?* a la *Galiard*, de *Coran*, la *Princeſſe*, le *Buckingham*, heigh!

Man. Put up your roſin, and your cats-guts

guts preſently and be gon, or I ſhall finde a grave for you in the pocket of my ſleeve, and this ſhal be your winding ſheet.

Gal. Me no play dat leſſon, pocket de ſleeve, dat is no tune de France, poket, le grand pock:--- (*Manly offers to ſtrike him*) pardonne moy *Mounſieur*: me put up my fidell and be gon, adieu Madam, Serviteur gentilhomes; pocket de ſleeve? *Exit.*

Man. But I muſt not ſeeme angry, Lady, my buſineſſe is to you.

Beau. Buſineſſe to me?

Man. I am bold to preſent a ſute to you, I confeſſe it was not made by a French Tailor, I can make a leg and kiſſe my hand too after the faſhion of my cloaths, this ſerv'd in thoſe honeſt dayes, when Knights were Gentlemen, and proper men tooke the walls of dwarfes; here's a belly peece, that lookes like armour, with what comelineſſe may a man unbutton his dublet, when he ſeemes to take the wall to make urine? your ſleeve ſo neere your noſe, with a handkercheife, which I take out thus with a grace, after Emunction, I put it up agen, with the corianders hanging out, Geometricall breeches in ſeverall ſliſes, in which a man is not aſham'd of his thighes, nor hides his bow leggs, which at the bottome ſurrounded with points make him look like a rough-footed Pigeon, theſe things were worne when men of honor flouriſh'd, that tam'd the wealth of Spaine, ſet up the States, help'd the French King, and brought Rebellion to reaſon Gentlemen.

Simp. So they doe now.

Man.

Man. Peace pepper corne; and all this at leſſe charge than a maſque comes to now, with the rare and new invention of hobbichorſes; which of our two habits (be you *Lady*, but the indifferent Judge, and ſquint not,) is the more grave and manly, his leane upper chinne, or this goodly promontory? my Trunkes with a round walke pav'd with gold and ſilver, or your trouſes, cut cloſe to your dock, and drawne on with a ſcrew? in which if you venture but halfe a crowne, lookes like a poltiſſe, or a ſwelling in the groine; your habit is phantaſticall as the time, you ſquirt into your dublet, which you weare ſo careleſſe as you had not burton'd it ſince you came from a bawdy houſe, where men of this garbe, coming from the ſtewes, march with that gravity as they came from a conventicle, ſo ſoberly they would carry it.

Sir *Wil.* I ſee whoring was equall in all times, onely the carrying of it.

Man. Why that's all?

Sir *Wil.* But ſurely I doe wonder, how my Grandfather could kiſſe my Grandmother, or embrace in that ſtrange apparell.

Man. They made a ſhift Knight, or elſe your wiſe worſhip had not been here; but that I want ſo much beard, I could ſhew how your Grandfather ſtroak'd his three or foure handfull of haire, to the terrour no doubt of the ſtanders by, and could ſtab I warrant you, with his two handed beard then, as well as you with your dagger beard now. It was never a good time ſince theſe cloaths went out of faſhion; oh, thoſe honourable dayes and perſons!

Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Is't possible?

Beau. As how?

Sir *VVil.* I pray inlarge your selfe.

Man. To have seene but a St. *Georges* feast then.

Sir *Wil.* Why, what difference sir?

Man. When they were installd, to see the twenty mile to Windsor strow'd with blew-coates, feathers and cognizances, as they do country townes with boughes, and flowers for Princes Entries, and not to go privately in a coach, with a page and a barber to cut off charges.

Simp. How doe you like this Gentleman, Is't not a pretty humour?

Man. Then you should have the best knight of the Countrey, with the ragged staffe on their sleeves.

Th: Beare, the Boare, and Talbot with his tuskish white,
Oh so sore that he would bite,
The Talbot with his Tuskish white
Soudledum Soudledum;
The Talbot with his Tuskish white Soudledum,
The Talbott with his Tuskish white bell.
Oh so sore that he would bite
Orebecke soudledum, sing orum bell.

Every Knight had his hundreds, and these would take up all the Tavernes in the Towne, be drunke to the honour of their Lords, and rather than not pay their reckoning, pawne their chains, though they pawn'd something for them the night before, and such merry catches then, as

Sings

Sings.

The Hart loves the high wood,
The Hare loves the hill,
The Knight lov'd his bright sword,
And the Lady lov'd her will.

Beau. So the Ladies do ſtill.

Man. It may be ſo, but for your Knights bright Sword 'tis at pawn, or at home in his Armory; then we had, God bleſſe the Duke of *Norfolke*, there was a jeaſt, and another Song.

The great Choe bent,
The little Choe bent,
Sir Piercy *leigh under the line;*
God bleſſe the good Earle of Shrewsbury
For he's a good friend of mine.

Sr *Will.* He's very confident.

Beau. Alas, he is compel'd to't.

Simp. How do you like this Mrs *Lucy*, is he not a pretty ill-favour'd Gentleman in this habit?

Lucy. He ſings rarely.

Sr *Will.* No queſtion he can dance too, in that diſguiſe he lookes like famous *Cardell* the dancing-Maſter in Queen *Elizabeths* time, I have ſeen his Picture.

Man. And he with your Worſhips favour, was held a wiſe man, and for his gravity he might have been Treaſurer, he went with that ſetled and ſolid *Pian-piano.*

Sr *Wil.* And when he danc'd a meaſure, you ſhould have had him with his Rapier, ſhort Cloak, his

his black Cap, and his white Feather, his ſingle and double, both backward and forward, with that excellencie——

Man. And now he muſt be in *Cuerpo*, or like a fellow on the ropes, or a Tumbler when he ſhoots his body through a hoop; there was muſick then, and a Heaven and Earth, beyond your braules, or your Mountague, with a la, la, la, like a *Bachanalian* dancing the Spaniſh *Moriſco*, with knackers at his fingers.

Sr *Wil.* It muſt needs be a rare ſight.

Man. He plaid to himſelf on a grave Lute, or a modeſt Citterne, with a politick quill, far beyond your *Geneſey* fiddle, or your French kit, that looks like a broken fagot ſtick, at the biggeſt, and ſounds as if it had got the French diſeaſe, when it ſnivels out a Coranto, or ſo hoarſe with a cold, as if ſome great baſe Fiddle had ſilenc'd it.

Sr *Wil.* What miſery is it, the Monſieur is gone now? here had been a French Duell.

Man. But had you ſeen my Lord *Loftie* dance the Galliard, with ſuch capers, ſuch half capers, ſuch turns o'th' toe, and above ground, you would have ſworn 'em ſound for nine Generations, and for Lavaltoes, La, la, la, &c. and then the Lady.

Bean. How did he uſe her?

Man. With wonderfull skill, he put his right arme about her, and took her left hand in his, and then he did ſo touze her with his right thigh and legg, and lift her up ſo high, and ſo faſt, and ſo round——

Sr *Wil.* As what I pray, be curteous.

Man. Marry as ſoon as he had ended his dance ſhe would lye down as dead as a ſwing'd chicken, with

with the head under the wing, so dissie was she, and so out of breath; and all these wonders were extant Knight when this old Cap was new.

Sr *Wil.* Is not this very fine sport Madam?

Beau. Sir, y'are welcome; pray excuse me, if being prepar'd for some folly, your garbe and person seem'd at first ridiculous; you have chang'd my opinon, and there wants but such a noble leader to reduce, and make this habit fashionable; it shews a proper man, and if I were worthy to advise, or could lay an obligation upon you, I should take it for an honour if you would often visit me in these ornaments, I like 'em infinitely, and the Wearer shall be ever welcome; please you wee'l walk and talk a turn in the Gallery.

Man. You too much grace me Madam.

(*Ex. Lady, and Manly.*

Sr *Wil.* How's this?
I have wounn my self into a pretty business,
She neglects me.

Simp. In my judgment 'tis an indifferent pretty fellow, but that his cloaths are out of fashion.

Lu. They are most becomming; I do not like your new phantasticall shapes, that transforme a man from his masculine aspect; you appear to me like a Jackanaps; there's a waste, and a Long lane cut close to your hanches. *Exit.*

Simp. Hum! she takes after the old one, I will try and shift my self, if the mother be taken with the habit in Qu. *Elizabeths* daies, why may not the daughter affect that in K. *Jameses*, and so the humor run in a blood? I am resolv'd; she loves singing too, I am furnish' with Ballads, o'my conscience

ence this will do't; Ile fit her with a fashion, and about it presently. *Exit.*

Enter Beaufield, and Manly.

Sr *Will.* They are here agen, and laugh at me: How familiar the Turtles are?

Man. Ha, ha, ha.

Bea. Wee'l taste some aire i'th' garden, ha, ha, ha. (*Ex. Lady, Manly.*

Sr *Wil.* So, so, if I did love this widow for her self, what a case were I in? but I must not sit down thus, and something must be thought on for my honour. *Exeunt.*

Act. IIII. Scæne I.

Enter Mistris Voluble, and Nice, (having a Jewell.)

Vol. SO, so, thou dost carry it excellently, it spreads like a Proclamation, what a rich widdow lies at my house, her wealth, and wit, must be exercis'd.

Ni. She must not appeare to be her self yet but in private, and the Chiause her Son has bestow'd this Jewell upon me for expedition, for he dares not yet acknowledge her; she wonders at her self now she is painted, & sweares in her conscience she looks by her glass like one of foure and twenty, and simpers, and licks her leatherne lips as she had eaten Marmalade. *Vol.*

Vol. Sir *William* has heard of her, and (upon some affront, as I conjecture receiv'd from my Lady) has writ to me, and articled already to dispose her affections, I expect him every minute.

Ni. He will discover us.

Vol. He shall never see thee act her part.

Ni. Do you thinke he can affect her?

Vol. Courtiers do not marry into the City for love, and this Farmers wife has wealth enough to buy a Ladiship; here's the gull, away and be diligent. *Enter Simpleton, and James, (with his cloaths.)* *Exit Nice.*

Ja. They'l fit you as well as my self for whom they were made in the Countrey.

Vol. How now sir, preparing for a race?

Simp. Is no body else with you? Do not enquire what stratagem is in hand, there be more waies to catch a Mistresses heart; how does my mother?

Vol. She is pretty apt for one of her yeares: I can tell you news, there is a Knight about her already.

Simp. She shall have him.

Vol. Not with your favour if a greater person interpose, I have so much care of her honour, now she is my charge.

Enter Nice.

Ni. Mistris *Voluble*, here's a Footman, lac'd all over, enquires for you, he serves a French Lord, he saies he must needs speak with you, he has a letter. *Exit.*

Vol. What if this Lord come hither for the same purpose?

Simp. 'Tis too much happinesse; Ile not be seen

ſeen thus, nor let my Mother appeare in her roughcaſt, uſe the Footman kindly, if his meſſage concerne us, away—— *Exit Vol.*
And will this Faſhion become me, doſt thinke? I prethee tell me ſome old ſtories in to'ther raigne, thou canſt talke and make me ready too.

Ja. Ah ſir, I knew a time, when two and twenyeares was but a merry Chriſtmas, nothing but Ambaſſadors, Maſques, Playes, Entertainements, Hawking, Hunting, Winter and Summer, New-Market and Roiſton mourne now, ha! had you ſeen the Court fox'd upon Gouries night, and the Gunpouder treaſon began then; oh we had rare ſport, and then every body was knighted, they hardly left a Gentleman in thoſe dayes; and afterward they got a tricke of making Lords.

Simp. For what?

Ja. I know not that, but they hardly left a Knight, man, woman, and childe were made right honourable.

Simp. Right honourable, right worſhipfull, and well beloved, I have heard that in the County.

Ja. But the faſhion of welbeloved is left off, for we doe not now love one another.

Simp. But had you no misfortunes?

Ja. Faith Sir, a rainy day was the worſt, and that had but made the ground more ſoluble the next day for hunting.

Simp. No complaints *James*?

Ja. Oh yes ſir! I hard a Gentleman complaine mightily that he had loſt the higheſt flying taſſell gentle, that ever was ſeene, another that he had prick'd

prick'd his grey Nag, that was an excellent buck-hunter; a third, that he had fretiſh'd his beſt hound, Beauty, and that Lilly was kill'd at a Bay a ſtag-hunting, it had almoſt coſt the Gentleman his life.

Simp. And what elſe *James*?

Ja. By my troth ſir, a Gentleman waiter, that ſhall be nameleſſe, removing a paſty of Veniſon, ſpilt it all, on a new ſatten doublet, and ſpoiled it utterly, there was ſuch laughing, but his Maſter being gracious gave him a ſute for his doublet, I thinke it was a Knight; but the Knight market is riſen now.

Simp. I and the Lord Market too, *James*.

Ja. And pleaſe your worſhip, they ſay, the Herald would not make a Gentleman now, under ten pound.

Simp. Oh yes, they'l take reaſon to my knowledge, and give the prettieſt phantaſticall armes, I have all the colours of the Rainebow in my new coate, every foole may be a Gentleman of three generations now.

Ja. I can derive my ſelfe knave three deſcents under your anceſters.

Simp. Then thy children may write themſelves knaves of blood, take that upon my Heraldry; but had not you brave ſongs then *James*?

Ja. In thoſe dayes was the quinteſſence of ballads, you went to ſchoole with 'em, I remember and learn'd no other bookes, I ſhall never forget the Lord of *Lornes* ſonne in *Scotland* and the falſe ſteward, to the tune of greene ſleeves, thoſe were the dayes indeed, oh there was then ſuch a company for dancing ſinging and fooling, I doe not

not meane the wits, for fooling is another thing cleare from it; It does so bravely in company, when there is a great many that care not for wit, and pleases better than all the wit in the world; and then there was such brave jeasts, at the death of a Stag, and Buck, to throw blood up and downe, upon folkes faces; the very Footmen and Pages understood those Jeasts then; there was a time; and the Landerers were as well Employed in a progresse then as now, and the Surgeons got as much by 'em too; oh, I shall never forget those times.

Simp. So, so, how doe I looke in this transformation? will any body know me dost thinke? Mistris *Lucy*, shall have the first sight of my shape; some body is gone into the dining roome, let us out at the backe doore *James*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nice. (dressing the Mother, painted) (at another Doore) Mrs. *Voluble.*

Vol. 'Tis well done *Nice* to be carefull about your Mistris.

Ni. I am giving her some instructions about dressing, and was saying, she must not goe above once to court in black, it would be very scandalous without intermixing colours, in her petticote, sleeves, and stomacher, and the colours now in fashion are blew, pincke, and incarnadine, yellow is much worne too.

Vol. But 'tis very materiall, what lace you wil choose, as silver and gold for blew, (tha's a court maxime) and plaine silver for incarnadine, single or mixt will serve for pincke colour.

Moth. I shall never remember all this.

Vol. It is your Gentlewomans duty to remember.

Ni. Let me alone Madam. When you will keepe house, a long handkercheife, or a round one with a quaife tied under your chin, and a little haire curl'd, with a black taffata hood, or white sarsenet.

Vol. When you pretend to have a cold, you must shew no haire, but weare a forehead cloth, with a pinner over that, these cloathes are much worne by old Ladyes, with which they binde downe a peece of sea recloth upon their forehead, to keepe wrinckles in obedience. How is her haire?

Ni. That little that she has is crazie.

Vol. She has enough to curle, and you have the discretion to know what proportion is to be left out, according to the latitude of her face; and to be curl'd with pinnes and orrice pouder, which will neither hurt nor breake it, and then in the Morning to let the combe passe through it once, and open it, between a curle and a freeze, and draw up some of the curles with a bodkin within the other haire.

Moth. My haire will never indure all this.

Vol. You must endure more, if you meane to be a Lady of fashion, and attractive; where be the pendants?

Ni. Must she not weare a Feather?

Vol. Not without a diamond bodkin; have you no Jewels?

Moth. Yes, In the knot of my handkerchiefe.

Vol.

Vol. Oh fie, you muſt buy a Cabinet. What's here? a Toad ſtone, two Turkies, ſixe thumb-rings, three Aldermens ſeales, five Gemmals, and foure Deaths-heads; theſe are Alehouſe ornaments —— Yet theſe Diamonds are tollerable, and theſe Pearles will make a half Chaine.

Ni. Would ſhe were hangd in the fellow, condition we had the reſt.

Vol. They muſt be changd, but *Nice* may weare theſe til you get new, they will ſerve to practice in. (*Knock within.*

Ni. There's a Coach at doore.

Vol. Ile pawne my ability the French Lord, 'tis about the time I gave directions to his Footman; for his entertainment, you muſt take upon you the rich widdow, and be you carefull to obſerve Mrs *Nices* Language, garbe, and behaviour, to men of his quality; your Rings and Jewels upon her will credit the cauſe, and perſon he comes to viſit, which is your ſelf, but under a vaile. Ile prepare his Lordſhip. *Exit.*

Ni. This is all for your inſtruction; theſe rings fit me excellent well, and hereafter you may take pride upon you by my example.

Mo. I hope I ſhall learne in time; but I ſhall be more than a Lady if I marry with a Lord.

Ni. Alas, I am but the Lady in the Play.

Mo. Now you put me in mind, I have ſeen pretty harlotry Ladies in a Country Play, ſo proud, and ſo knaviſh, one would have ſworn they had been women indeed.

Enter Galliard, and Voluble.

Ni. Hee's here, you muſt be modeſt, and obſerve your diſtance now; Is this the Lord? He

looks like an over-grown Monkey.

Mo. What pretty fooliſh things ſome of theſe young Lords are?

Vol. Your Lordſhip is bountifull; that is ſhe whom fame hath delivered to you; your honour may advance.

Gal. Begar dis riſh viddow looke young as my ſelfe.

Vol If my eyes be not in a miſt this is the French Dancer.

Gal. Vat is a your name?

Vol. He means to catechiſe her.

Mo. I ſhall be happy if your Lordſhip pleaſe to own me by the title of your ſervant.

Vol. You muſt learne to complement thus—— 'Tis *Galliard* ſure.

Gal. She kiſſe very vel begar, ſhe have de Alamode touch of de lip ma foy; can you dance Madam?

Vol. I am now confirm'd.

Mo. Will he kiſſe me too?

Gal. Vat is ſhe?

Ni. A Gentlewoman that attends me for the preſent.

Gal. Dat is a de reverence for de divel, ſhe look like a de witch Madam, but me tell you Madam, for me love you very muſh in the little time, as any man in de varle; me be French Lor, and me have lodging in de autre ſtreet, Duke de *Memorency* my kinſman, and two tre hundred great Lors have loſe deir head in *France* begar for no matre, and me flye to *Englan* to ſave a me neck by me trot.

Ni. Were you guilty of any treaſon?

Gal.

Gal No more begar than your little ſelf.

Ni. What is your eſtate?

Gal. Begar very grand eſtate in *Orleance*, me have two tre Lettre from de Cardinall, and he write a me, dat de King ſend for me to kiſs his hand: Now as me vas in de reſolution to take a de ſhip for *France*, me heare of you Madam in de *Strand*, and me very glad to marry you before me go preſently.

Ni. Your Lordſhip is very brieſe, but I find not my ſelf enclin'd to croſſe the Seas.

Mo. The Sea, mary ſhield, Ile not ſee the ſalt water for any Lord in Chriſtendome, I, Ile rather be no Lady.

Ni. Who, how now inſolence, how dare you interpoſe?

Vol. Will you be ridiculous, and betray your ſelf now?

Gal. Begar you have de Gypſey complexion, and looke like de ſign of de *Robin Hood* and maid a *Marian*.

Mo. Robin Hood in thy face, does he maid a *Marian* me?

Ni. She is not worth your Lordſhips paſſion, I ſhall teach you better manners.

Gal. Begar you ſhall have muſh need of dat.

Ni. My Lord, you did aske me if I could dance.

Vol. The wench has found him.

Gal. Dere is noting in de varle for de Lady, like a de underſtanding in de foot.

Ni. I cannot praiſe my own ability, but I admire the excellency of other Ladies, and ſhould be fortunate to meet with ſome Maſter in that faculty, that would Inſtruct, and exerciſe me in private.

Gal. Me love you de bettre for dat, begar no body exerciſe you in private but my ſelf, me teach you Alamode de Court dance, hold up your litel fingre you command a my foot.

Ni. Your Lordſhip is too humble, it is an office would become one that is mercenary; I affect dancing infinitely, oh that we had but ſome muſick here; la, la, ra. (*She ſings, Gal draws out his Fiddle.*

Vol. 'Tis comming out.

Mo. What's that a bedſtaffe?

Vol. It is a French pocket-piſtoll.

Mo. Will he ſhoot it off here? I could never indure a gun. *Exit.*

Gal. For boon, brave, ah, dat is like a de Princeſs, *Allez.*

Ni. You ſhall not be ſo publick in your graces to me; conceale your Fiddle till ſome private opportunity.

Gal. Me underſtand.

Vol. How does your Lordſhip like her? You have her in an excellent humour.

Gal. Kiſſe a me madam —— hah? 'tis heaven? de Poet talke of de Nectar, begar here is it, me never drink de vine blanke or de Claret, ſo me have but two tre drop divine from your lip —— Merreſſe ſpeake a for me.

Ni. The foole is extaſied; in his worſt condition he will ſerve for a husband; how he dances in a Net?

Vol. He has money, and a Trade, he will ſerve wench.

Gal. If me get dis riſh widdow, me cozen 'em both begar.

Ni. Do you think he loves me indeed. *Ex. Vol. Gal.*

Gal. You no tinke madam dat me be ſo hot in love, and do burne, dat my reine a do melt, as me vere in de oven, me need a go into de river preſantly to coole and vater my heart, vere is de Miſtreſſe *de la Maiſon?* Gone? dat is vel, dere is no honor like a dat, as you take a de litel aire in my Coach.

Ni. I have not been abroad to day, but I dare truſt my ſelf with your Lordſhip.

Gal. Oh Madam, a voſtre ſervice, now if me get a de Prieſt all is perfect.

Enter Sir William, and Volable.

Sr *Wil.* Be all theſe Trunkes hers?

Vol. We ha not ſtowage enough for half, ſhe is infinitely rich.

Sr *Wil.* Haſt thou prepar'd her?

Vol. I find her very apt, 'tis her only ambition to be a Lady, a French Lord has her in chaſe, but I have delivered your character, and what priviledge ſhe may have by charter of her Knight.

Sr *Will.* I long to ſee her, is ſhe handſome?

Vol. What ſhe wants in beauty and breeding, ſhe has in eſtate Sir.

Sr *Wil.* That, that's enough, I can have beauty in other p'aces, and will exceed what I condition'd for, if I proſper. I will have this Widdow in ſpight.

Vol. How Sir *William?*

Sr *Will.* To ſpight the Lady *Beaufield,* and her Magog that affronted me; I would loſe no oportunity, a widdow muſt be taken in the pick; ſay I am come and commend me to the heavens, Ile make all good.

Vol. To the heavens? will you dye before her?

Sr *Will.* For that we muſt take our chance; thou ſhalt be ſure of a good leaſe for thy life, and deſtiny agree upon us afterward.

Vol. Shall I direct you?

Sr *Wil.* Sha't be my evening, and my morning ſtar. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucy, and Barbara.

Bar. You too much afflict your ſelf Miſtris *Lucy*, 'tis but ſome humour he put on to try the ſtrength of your affection.

Lu. He is loſt; not for my ſake, but for his own I pitty him, and I am confident, if I were ſo happy to ſpeak with him agen, I ſhould prevaile to win him to his firſt and noble temper; my end being ſo juſt, I cou'd diſpence with modeſty to find him out, and perfect the act of charity.

Bar. You have imployd *Formall*, from whom you may expect to heare ſuch an account, as may dry up your ſorrows.

Enter Beaufield, and Manly.

Beau. I ſee Sir you preſerve your confidence.

Man. I dare be juſt in your commands, and in a ſervice you but ſmile upon, deſpiſe the cenſure of the world.

Beau. Saw you not the Knight ſince?

Man. The ſweet hopes that he ſwallow'd, to prepare me a ridiculous object to you Madam, was gall upon his ſtomack, when he found you had mercy on my confidence; he dares not converſe with ſo unlick'd a beare, as this ſhape muſt preſent

Enter Simpleton, and James.

his criticall eye ſight. Whats here? one ſent to affront me?

Simp.

Simp. *When* Robin *came to* Nottingham
dery, dery down,
His dinner all for to dine:
There met him fifteen iolly Foresters,
Were drinking Ale, and Wine,
hey down.

Madam your most humble servant; there be other men, and manners, and garbes as fashionable in the eyes of discreet Ladies.

Man. Have we got *Adam Bell*, and *Clim* o'th' *Clough*?

Ja. We be three, good Mr *William* of *Cloudesly*.

Man. 'Tis so.

Simp. And how, and how shew matters Mistris *Lucy*? every mans Cap is not made of the same matter.

Sing.

Have you felt the wooll of Beaver?
Man. ——*Or sheepes down ever?*
Sim.—— *Have you smelt of the bud of the Rose?*
Man.——*In his pudding hose.*
Sim.—— *Or have tasted the bag of the Bee?*
Oh so fine!
Man. —— *Oh so fond!*
Sim.—— *Oh so brave!*
Man.—— *Such a knave!*
Sim.——*Such a knave is he.* (*Manly offers to draw.*

Beau. Sir, this is most uncivill, and your rashnesse, beside the forfeit of your own discretion, will lay an imputation to wound my fame; within my presence, and beneath my roofe, which should protect all strangers, to affront a Gentleman that visits me——

Man. How's this?

Beau. Be bold sir, and presume you have my favour, you never appear'd handsome till this minute; beare up, your mirth becomes you rarely.

Simp. Dos't ifaith?

Ln. What does my mother meane?

Simp. Spit o' thy hand, and clap me oth' shoulder *James*, the widow her selfe is in love with me.

Sings. *She cast an eye on little* Musgrave
As bright as the summers sunne.

I may turne o're the Daughter to thee.

Ja. I would I had her in an Embroiderd clout.

Man. Sure my Lady is but in jeast.

Sings. *Shew me said he whose men ye be*
That hunt so boldly here,
That without my consent do chase
And kill my follow Deere.——

Ja. His follow Deere?

Simp. Sings *Ere thus I will outbraved be*
One of us two shall dye,
I know thee well an Earle thou art,
Lord Percy, *so am I.*

Ja. Thou *Douglas*?

Man. This Lady has but fool'd me all this while; make much of your new Antick Madam, I can shift into my selfe agen, and if that thing were worth my anger, or my envy, beate him;

you

you have a pretty humour, cherish it, and that *William* of the Wispe, till I visit you agen.-- *Exit*

Beau. The Gentleman is jealous.

Simp. I protest Madam if it had not been for your sake, and that it had been pitty to have spilt any blood, in your Dining-roome, I would ha done something

Ja. In his breeches.

Simp. But I shall report your nobleness abroad.

Beau. Doe not play the foole to much, I am out of the humour to laugh at you; he cannot leave me thus.—— *Exit Beau.*

Ja. This was no tricke to catch the old one.

Lu. How came you into this habit *Simpleton?*

Simp. By reading *Ovids* Metamorphosis, and to shew the variety of my wit.

Luc. Let me entreat you hold your feet together,——now you put me mind of a Smiths bellowes, your body is not all of a peece sure, but severall limbes thrust into severall pudding bags, you would shew terrible to the crowes in a wheat field, you are no living creature.

Simp. Perswade me to that, am I not sensible?

Luc. He that does that cure upon you, will deserve a chronicle; so desiring you would take home your flaile there, for here is like to be no thrashing worke, I commit you to the Barne, where like another *Orpheus*, you will draw the horse, and sheepe, to the melody of your voyce, and ravish all the Cowes in the Countrey, to heare you sing Packingtons pound.——— *Exit.*

Ja. She has made a coxcombe on you.

Lu. Hum? I wo'not out o'the pit for all this, I have

have another deviſe, and thou ſhalt aſſiſt me, if that faile, I'le dye a bachelor, and make thee my heire.

Ja. I ſhall but pray for your death ſir.

Simp. Back agen, back agen quoth the Pindar,
The wrong way have you gon, &c.
Exit Singing.

A Table, Stooles, Bottles of wine, and Glaſſes, ſet out by two Drawers.——then Enter Newman, the two Feerers, Wenches, Muſitians.

New. So, ſo, I'le dance no more, a ſong, lets have a ſong now.

1 *Wen.* Take heed of the o'd ballads, eccliped, Like Hermit poore, eyes hide my love, or *Danae* in the brazen Tower.

2 *Wen.* Or the lamentable complaint of *Ariadne*, and *Theſeus*, and the more lamentable for being ſo long.

New. Doe you heare Madam vertue, Lady modeſty cannot you play your part?

1 *Fe.* Not upon the violin.

2 *Fe.* They are both for the Gambo.

New. You ſhall play the part of my Miſtris, you muſt be witty then, and extreame coy and ſcurvy, in your anſwers; go behind that hanging, I will ſuppoſe it your chamber; now Boy the Song I made to the window, while I muffle my ſelfe with the fidlers, to bid my Miſtriſſe good morrow in the ſtreet, obſerve the conjuration.

Song.

I conjure thee, I conjure thee, by thy skin that is ſo faire,

Thy

Thy dainty curled haire,
And thy favour and thy grace,
With the patches on thy face,
And thy hand that doth invite
The cold, dulleſt appetite,
——— *Appeare appeare,*
Upon theſe termes I doe invite thee,
And if thou com'ſt I will delight thee.

If not ſo, I doe not care,
Though thy breaſts be ne're ſo bare,
Roſes rich, with ſnooe that's white,
Or thy Venus *beſt delight,*
If not touch thy ſofter skin
What care I for thee a pin,
Appeare appeare.

For to heare, and not to ſee
Is a dull flat hiſtory,
And to ſee and not to touch
If you thinke the laſt too much,
Know all woman's but one toy
If we men not them enjoy,
Appeare appeare.

New. She's not awake, play a ratling tune that may ſtartle her; where's this whore? ha! ———

1 *Jer.* She's gone.

2 *Jer.* Vaniſh'd? ſo he might have ſung away his lungs.

New. It may be, ſhe is retir'd, for you know what Lady; come let us drinke.

2 *Wench.* Was your Muſe at all this expence

to

to the fidles? do you write to no other company sir?

New. Till they have my liveries; Ile maintaine 'em in songs, wind up your voyce agen.

Song.

Thine eyes to me like sunnes appeare
Or brighter starres their light;
Which makes it summer all the yeare,
Or else a day of night:
But truely I doe thinke they are
But eyes, and neither sunne nor starre.

Thy brow is as the milky way,
Whereon the gods might trace:
Thy lips Ambrosia *I dare say*
Or Nectar *of thy face:*
But to speake truely I doe vowe
They are but womens lips and browe.

Thy cheeke it is a mingled bath
Of Lillyes and of Roses;
But here there's no man power hath
To gather loves fresh posies:
Beleeve it here the flowers that bud
Are but a womans flesh and blood.

Thy nose a promontory faire,
Thy necke a necke of land;
At natures gifts that are so rare
All men amaz'd doe stand:
But to the cleerer judgement those
Are but a womans necke and nose.

For foure lines in passion I can dye
As in the lovers guise,

And

And dabble too in Poetry
Whilſt love poſſeſt, then wiſe
As greateſt States-men, or as thoſe
That know love beſt, yet live in Proſe.

1 *Jeer.* The pure ſpirit of Sack in't.

2 *Jeer.* The wits Elixar.

New. No jeering Gentlemen, I ſhall grow loud and break the peace.

2 *Wen.* Theſe Gentlemen are for nothing but ſong and drink, I ſee no market all this while; Ile get me hence too; if pleaſe you, Ile ſee if I can find out my ſiſter. *Ex.* 2 *Jeer.*

New. There's but one ſtoole in the counting houſe, and Lady you ſhall ſtay till ſhe returne; Gentlemen there's no life in you; I cannot do this roring and whoring handſomely; little thinks *Lucy* what Comrades I have got.

2 *Wen.* I have a pretious confidence in you Gentlemen, to truſt my ſingle modeſty amongſt ſo many.

New. What would you give to be raviſh'd now? thou haſt an excellent complexion for't.

2 *Wen.* Raviſh'd? preſerve the Gentlemans deare wits Sack I beſeech thee.

1 *Jeer.* You would not loſe by it if he raviſh you.

New. another Song, and direct your voice to this Lady.

Song.

Ide have her merry, laugh, and ſmile,
And then look grave and ſad:
In every humour but a while,
Make love as 'tis, that's mad.

Ide

I de have your dreſſe of ſeverall ſhapes,
Like Proteus *carv'd, not he,*
In humour a ſhe coy Jackanapes
Then a grave Monkey be.

Diſcourſe of all that comes to ſence,
But ſpeak none, yet ſtill ſpeak,
No matter here is no offence,
But to ſpeake matter weak.

With thy ſoft voice ſing me aſleep,
Then ſtartle me awake,
With Loves notes paſſion make me weep,
Then merry for thy ſake.

Enter Jeere Minor (the Song ended.)

Jeer. Mi. A diſcovery?

New. What new-found Land?

Jeer. Mi. The Pigeon that left us hath been in another roome with Mr *Formall* my Lady *Beaufields* Gentleman Uſher, there he ſits like the picture of a *Harry* Soveraigne in a chaire, while ſhe is picking on's pocket.

New. Fetch him, and his Fairy hither, but for his Mrs ſake uſher him with loud muſick. *Ex. Jeer.* Wee'l have ſome ſport. *(Flowriſh.*

Enter the two Jeerers, and Formall.

New. Where's the wench?

2 *Jeer.* The wench has made an eſcape, ſhe had a glimpſe before and ſuſpected me, but here's the wicked Elder.

New. What ſaies my wife *Lucullus*?

For. Sir, my buſineſs was to you, though I met a Remora that is already ſunke, I was ſent by a Gentlewoman, but no body muſt know it.

New.

New. We heare no buſineſs till he have wound up a bottle, and then he ſhall have audience.

1 *Jeer.* That's but your fee for entrance, your garniſh only; come ſir there's no remedy.

For. I hope you will conceale it Gentlemen.

(They circle him, and ſing.

Song.

Why then let us drinke,
Away ſkurvy thinke,
And do't till we winke,
Which is juſt to be
So drunke not to ſee.

Firſt Maudlin to weep,
Then after to ſleep;
Why they let us drinke,
And do't till we winke,
Away ſkurvy thinke.

For. VVhat will become of me? would you and I Lady were in a back roome.

New. So now ſpeak my Lord Embaſſador, I know your ſoveraign Lady greets us well.

For. Alas ſir, my Lady does not know of my comming; I would ſpeak with you from one that ſhall be nameleſs, who thinks you are a debauch'd Gentleman, under the Roſe, and deſires to talk with you when you are ſober: I would be loath to diſgrace you before this good company, neither was I willing to tell her what I heard about your drinking and whoring. *New.* To the point.

1 *Jeer.* I, I, to the point.

For. The principall matter then, and indeed my whole employment at this time to you is——

New VVhat in the name of circumſpection?

For.

For. You ſhall excuſe me ſir, ſilence is a vertue; but if you knew who ſent me———

Wen. He would make a coſtive Stateſman.

For. It is ſufficient one deſires to ſpeak with you, I name no time, nor perſon, I know my office; Miſtris *Lucy* is not to be named at all times.

New. Miſtris *Lucie*, I am her ſervant; come drink this narrow ſea to her health, you muſt be drunk infallibly, Ile give a reaſon; *I ſweare by Muſcadell That I do love her well*; come yee Mermaids———

For. Ile do you reaſon then; but is this Muſcadell? Mr *Newman* has ſworne; for my own part, Gentlemen, I deſire it ſhould go no further.

Song.

I ſweare by Muſcadell
That I do love thee well,
And more than I can tell.
By the White, Claret, and Sack
I do love thy Black, black, black,
I do love thy black, black, black.

No Goddeſſe 'mongſt them all
So ſlender, and ſo tall,
And gratefull too withall,
Which makes my ſinews to crack
For thy black, black, black,
For thy dainty black, black.

So lovely, and ſo faire,
Though ſhaddow'd with thy haire,
So nimble, juſt like aire;
All theſe ſet me on loves wrack
For thy black, black, black,
For thy dainty black, black.

Th

Thy kind and cunning eye,
When firſt it did eſpy,
Our love it did deſcry,
Dumbe ſpeaking, what d'you lack?
Mine anſwer'd, thy black, black,
Thy dainty black, black, blacke.

1 *Feer.* Excellent!

New. Now give Mr *Formall* his cup.

For. I have had the narrow ſea, I cannot drink an Ocean.

New. His t'other cup; you had my wench as I remember, and Ile preſcribe you a pennance; there's another whore for you, drink to her and ſhee ſhall pledge.

For. Give me thy hand, and ſet thy foot to mine.

1 *Feer.* You may truſt your ſingle modeſty with him.

For. For my own part, I had rather do things privately; come kiſſe me firſt ——here's to thee, my fleſh tingles ——————

New. A word with you two Squiers.

Wen. Any thing for a ſhelter, I foreſee a ſtorm; and what is one Cat among ſo many Maſtives?

(*She creeps under the Table.*

1 *Feer.* You are melancholly.

New. You lye, you that ſay nothing lye, if you be of his opinion.

2 *Feer.* Me thinks we are very merry.

1 *Feer.* We are exceeding merry.

New. Have you diſcharg'd your Culvering? where's the paraquito?

For. I drunke it off.

1 *Feer.* She is vaniſh'd too.

New. Then we are our ſelves, and make me your

your example; you know your Province Sirra, make ready for an Angell, ſing the deſigne of honour, and offancy. *Ex. boy.*

Song.

But firſt in Phanſie we will foole,
Pull off our Dublets, drinke more coole,
Our hats upon our heads not ſtay,
For each health wee'l throw them away.
So Periwig, or Fringe, or Border,
The naked truth wee'l drink in order.
And to the Muſick as they play
A Phanſie Peece wee'l throw away,
Untill we are drein'd, can draw no more,
And the next day all cry therefore.

New. Off With *Formalls* Doublet, off with his Doublet, throw't into the fire, that's a good phanſie; now he is *Formall* right.

For. I did not drink hard, for I am cold, the wench would keep me warme, ſhe's a notable firedrake; will it pleaſe you ſir to go to the party?

New. Now does he betray what a Bawd he would be.

For. Does no body know where to get a Serpent with two legs that hath never a ſting?

New. I have a great mind to drink a health in one of my boots.

For. I drink no beere glaſſes, if a ſhooe will ſerve turne ——

New. His ſhooe, my ſcabberd, a match.

1 *Jeer.* My glove.

2 *Jeer.* His cap.

New. Fill brimmers, every man to his Miſtris; now do not I like this phanſie.

Omnes.

Omnes. We ha don't.

New. There's wooll in my ſcabbard, which is a ſpungious matter, and when I ha done (*Muſick* I may leave my drink behind me, and (*Throne* that's a hanging matter, which I am (*deſcends* principally to avoid——

Do you heare the Muſick of the Spheres Gentlemen?

For. What's that?

1 *Ieer.* From the roofe a Throne?

New. This roome is mine, and cald the field of *Tempe*; Becauſe I woonot ſtay while (*The Wench* the Plaies are done when I have a (*peeps from* humor to be merry, and drink healths (*under the* in the clouds, I built this Eliſium; and (*Table.* when bright Sack hath crown'd my brow, how ſoon I am made immortall, you may gueſſe.

A Song in the Throne.

As I ſinging now came down,
I do bring you Bacchus *Crown:*
From the plumpe Lord of the vine
Cluſterd grapes to make you wine,
Your ſweld Temples circling in,
Crown'd with this, and bath'd within;
Therefore your beſt wiſhes bring,
Place this Garland on your King.

New. Is not *Bacchus* the beſt good fellow God on 'em all? Let me ſee, *Formall* ſhall be King, and be ſent to heaven preſently.

For. Send me to heaven? why ſhould I be ſent thither before another man?

2 *Ieer.* Ret, Ret, verily Ret, here's the Partridge under the Table.

New.

New. They'l be good company, they shall both be immortall together, helpe Gentlemen. Boy you must be depos'd.

VVench. Alas what shall I doe?

New. You shall to heaven Lady?

VVench. What before my time? and whether I will or no?

New. It shall be with as much ease, as if it were in a Featherbed.

For. Let us sleepe together.

VVench. Ah pitty a poore Gentlewoman, if you have hearts of flesh, do not use me worse than heathen Prentices.

New. So crowne 'm, and give to each a glasse of wine, for a scepter.

For. Gentlewoman, if we must mount, 'tis none of our seeking, we are but Angells in our owne defence, for my owne part, I desire to go thether in no better company.

New. Up with 'em, and preserve your scepter glasses, doe not spill your blood royall.

Wench. Alas, hold there for heavens sake, I must meet three Innes of court Gentlemen at the Stillyard to night, it may be out of my way 20. pound, consider your owne cases.

For. Peace gentle Queene of grapes.

Wench. Thou art a traitor too, oh!

For. Doe not jog the chariot, let us take our preferment patiently, and drinke a health to the humble mortalls, that turne up their whites to us, this is pretty high drinking.

Wench. Drunkards, divells? oh that I were upon earth agen. ——

She throwes down the wine.

1 *Jeer.* Is this the Gentlewomans wine, or water?

Enter Drawer.

2 *Jeer.* He mounts insensibly.

New. They have a heavenly time on't; you know me sirra.

Draw. Noble Mr. *Newman.*

New. There's for your attendance.

Jeer. What's to pay?

New. They shall pay you the reckoning in the other world, you know the back way thither; come my boyes to the departed, having paid all rites

We now returne.

Jeerers. Like woefull Adamites.

Exeunt.

Act. V. Scæna. I.

Enter Simpleton, James, (little Table set out.)

Simp. I Am resolved, since faire meanes cannot prevaile with Mistris *Lucy*, to steale her away, this is the key of the back-gate o'th' garden, to the fields, be ready when I give the signe to hurry her into the coach, and when I have her at my Countrey-House, Ile take in her maiden towne, upon my owne composition.

Ja. You wo'not ravish her.

Simp.

Simp. There are twenty wayes to deale with a woman, and never raviſh her; no, I have plaid the foole too much.

Ja. I am of your opinion.

Simp. But ſhe ſhall find if I get poſſeſſion.——

Ja. The Coachman is a luſty fellow too, and will help to clap her abroad; the curtaines being cloſe ſhe cannot be heard, and the horſes will runne, as the devill were in the poope, for he drives like a Tamberlaine.

Simp. Holla ye pamperd Jades.

Ja. One Traitour more were not amiſſe for al that.

Simp. Thou ſaiſt right, for though ſhe be a little woman, her voyce may be too ſtrong for us.

Ja. Let us alone, mind your owne part.

Simp. Be reſolute *James.* ——*Exit Simp.*

Enter Newman.

New. The courſe I am in, hath brought ſome men to the Gallowes, and doe I take it for prevention?

Ia. What deſperate fellow's that?

New. I am weary of wine and noiſe, is there no other cure for melancholly? I doe not love the cramp in my necke.

Ja. He lookes like a Gentleman that were in debt; my friend doe you come hither to finde a tree? th'art a proper fellow, doſt want employment, for though your cloathes have a good gloſſe, they looke as they were ill lin'd, they want money.

New. I ſuffer that which made the old woman mend her pace ſir.

Ia.

Ja. Doe as Ile direct thee.

New. Whom doe you serve?

Ja. I serve my selfe; my Master is a foole; did you never heare of *Simpleton*?

New. That worshipfull puppy?

Ja. He knowes him. I have seen you before, but 'tis no matter where; I like thy countenance; can'st keepe counsell? walke o'this hand o'me.

Enter Simpleton and Lucy.

Sim. Nay a little further Mistris *Lucy*, it seemes Mrs *Voluble* told him no great good fortune, she saw it in his starres, for you know she weares Astrology at her apron strings; but she told me in private who should be the man, your deere *Endymion*.

Lucy. Who I beseech you?

Simp. The object is presented, and 'tis in vaine to oppose the Constellations, what must be must be, and there were no more Ladyes in the world, I am the man.

Enter Coachman, and an other.

New. To steale her away?

Ja. My Master is resolv'd. They are here; close.

New. She is betraid.———

Simp. Now.———

Lu. Help; theeves.

Ja. Stop her mouth.

New. Then every man take his chance.

(*He strikes downe Simpleton. Lucy runs off.*)

Sim. Murther, murther.

Ja. Are you so cunning sir? you shall along with us. *(They disarme New.*

New. Worried by Hedghogs!

Ja. Are you not kill'd outright sir?

Sim. I am not certaine, be sure you hold him fast; to the next Justice; I must get a Surgeon. You are my rivall, I know you well enough, if I miscarry, it shall cost me a hundred pound, but Ile ha thee hang'd for't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Justice and Voluble.

Just. I understand you perfectly Mistris *Voluble*, and like your proposition; but a word more of the widdow that is at your house, shee is very rich you say?

Vol. Not in understanding.

Just. Tis the better.

Vol. Her's all your worship must promise her, to be knighted, for she hath a great mind to bee a Lady.

Just. I know where a blanck lies dormant for a Baronet, it will carry more noise and authority on the bench too.

Vol. You have done me some discourtesie heretofore, in beleeving the complaints of Intemperate tongues against me, but you see my charity I desire to live in your worships faire opinion as a neighbour.

Just. I will make you amends sweet Mistris *Voluable*, y'are a vertuous Gentlewoman on my conscience: but how shall this widdow be wrought?

Vol. Thats done already. The truth is she is quir

quir'd of me, (for we women use to open our secrets one to another) for some stayd Gentleman that was a Lawier, (because she has so great an estate, and many sutes to follow) on whom shee might bestow her selfe, for the security of her fortune, and I have already prepared her, and such a commendation of your person, and learned gravity, a Justice of Peace and Quorum, out of my private respects to you, without desire or expectation of any bribe or reward.

Just. I understand that very well.

Vol. I know you doe.

Just. How much I am bound to your vertue?

Vol. The widdow has a great mind to see you, but I will contrive it for your honour, shee shall come hither, as to her learned Counsell.

Just. The invincible wit of a woman! how I honour it.

Vol. There can bee no losse in't if you get a Chaplaine in readinesse, widowes are taken in the opportunitie.

Enter Richard (the Clarke.)

Rich. A Gentleman brought to be examined, that has wounded one Master *Simpleton*.

Vol. Simpleton? that's the widowes son.

Just. Richard, send to the Curate of the Parish, by I would speake with him presently.

Enter Simpleton (wounded.)

Vol. Alas who hurt you?

Simp. My rivall Master *Newman*. Is this the Justice?

Just. A former quarrell; if you die, I have saw

enough to make it murther, for your good Mothers sake.

Simp. Cannot you make it manslaughter, and let me live? for I desire but his death.

Vol. Hee shall make it what you please. This Gentleman is to bee Knighted, and loves your mother above all the world, things meet as close, as if they went to engender.

Simp. My Mother is worth six thousand pound, if you will promise to make her a Lady, and doe your best to hang the Gentleman, you shall be my Father in Law, when my Landlady sayes the word.

Vol. Sir Ile take my leave.

Iust. Sweet Mistris *Voluble*, leave your friend to me, I understand the matter perfectly, and it shall goe hard, but wee will have all the Law on our side. Call in the offender; please you sit; *Richard* be ready with your Ammunition, Pen, Inke and Paper.

Enter Surgeon, Newman, Iames, Coachman, Constable and officers.

Iust. VVhat is your name sir?

Surg. My name is *Seare*.

Clar. He is the Surgeon sir.

Iust. Ile teach you to follow your profession firra, Ile make you an example to all Phlebotomers; how often have you beene indited for letting of blood firra?

Sur. I understand you not.

Iust. But I understand you firra; how durst you *vi & armis*, feloniously assault this noble Gentleman in contempt of peace, and the Kings Law, his

his Crowne and dignity? answer me sirra to that. Ile seeze him.

Sur. You VVorship is mistaken, I never see the Gentleman before, I was sent for——

Ia. He is the Surgeon sir, that is come to take measure of my Masters wounds, it was that Gentleman that let him blood.

Iust. VVhy do they not change faces then? away you knave, and looke to the Gentleman; you stand idling here to stumble authority with a sellonious countenance.

Ia. Let us be forsworne both in a tale.

Enter Lucie.

Luc. Sir, you are one that should doe Justice; where is my poore friend? bee not so much dejected, you did but rescue me sir from dishonour.

New. I was in a melancholly humour; 'tis come about as the wise woman concluded.

Luc. VVher's *Simpleton*? I may accuse him for a Rape.

Iust. Take heede what you say.

Luc. Or some such black intent; this Gentleman but interpos'd to save me from their furie, and with his sword punish'd a bold offender by letting out some blood that was corrupted.

Iust. Thats not materiall; will you confesse you wounded Master Simpleton? come to the matter.

New. I confesse it sir, but heare the reason.

Iust. I will heare no reason, that were simple justice; take him aside, and you may follow your

buſineſſe. Stay young Gentlewoman, I muſt examine you.

Clar. Shall I withdraw, and ſhut the doore?

Exeunt all but Juſtice and Lucie.

Luc. VVhat Juſtice ſir, or Law is this?

Juſt. It is not *Polton*, *Crompton*, nor *Fitzerbert*, A Juſtice ought to have ſome diſcretion without booke, eſpecially in theſe caſes. I grant you are the roote and cauſe of this misfortune.

Luc. I ſir?

Juſt. Be wiſe, and underſtand me; nd being indued with ſuch gifts of nature, native beauty and favour, (come a little nearer) and you to abuſe your ſelfe ——

Luc. How ſir?

Juſt. Or ſuffer your ſelfe to be abuſed (come a little nearer) is not to be thankefull for thoſe excellent benefits.

Luc. VVill you tranſlate an Inſolence in others upon my guilt?

Juſt. You accuſe an honeſt Gentleman for an intent of rape; alas poore ſoule, it was pure affection in him, hee would have raviſhed you no doubt, with your owne conſent, the fault was your Ingratitude, (a little nearer) *Seneca* doth write much of Ingratitude, that I may come (a little nearer) or elſe *Nero* had not let him blood, (yet nearer) this *Nero* was a moſt wicked Tyrant, for all he could play upon a fidle, make ballads, and ſing them himſelfe, and therefore take heede of cruelty, and be gentle, *he kiſſeth her.* for, ſweet-heart *Nero* died a violent death.

Enter

Enter Beaufield.

Lu. My Mother.

Beau. Lucy you made haſte.

Lu. Your pardon Madam.

Iuſt. I underſtand ſhe is a Lady.

Lu. In the defence of my owne vertue, and the noble Gentleman that ſuffers for his charity to me——

Beauf. I came to aſſiſt you. It were an injurie to doubt your juſtice. My name is *Beaufield.* If my credit may be interpos'd ſecurity for *Newman* my daughters knowledge in the cauſe will

Enter Clarke.

give a moſt cleare ſatisfaction.

Iuſt. Richard, call in the delinquent, this Lady has ſpoken very much to the matter, as I underſtand it. Has the Surgeon done yet?

Clar. They are comming downe.

Enter Surgeon, Newman, Simpleton, Iames, Conſtable, Officers.

Iuſt. Now ſir, how many of his wounds are mortall?

Sur. There is not one conſiderable, the Gentleman is in no danger.

Simp. But have not you authority to hang him? Ile take my oath, he had an intent to kill me. My Lady and Miſtris *Lucie? Iames,* Ile ſtay no longer, ſince I am not mortally wounded, ſneake after me.

Exeunt Simpleton and Iames.

New. My hanging fit is over, and the witchcraft, I am now my selfe again, if you can pardon

Enter Manley.

me Madam this too great an honour to your worthlesse servant.

Iust. How now? what saucie fellow's this?

Man. Shee's here too. I am bold Cozen to visit you, they say, ther's a Gentleman brought before you, for breach o'th' peace, I come to baile him.

Iust. We take no forrainers; what outlandish thing are you, pray?

Man. You know me sir, my name is *Manley*, you cal'd me cozen yesterday.

Iust. I never saw you before. I know that name, and a Gentleman that ownes it, a kinsman of mine too, but he is no such Brandemart. *Richard*, doe you know this Mahound? he calls himselfe my cozen *Manly*.

New. Why in this habit?

Iust Transmigration?

Beau. Is it not some spie sir?

Iust Constable take him to your charge. Ile teach you sirra, to usurpe a Gentlemans name; tis felony *ipso facto*, write his mittimus.

Man. By what statute? *Trigesimo Secundo* of King *Philip*? I doe not Madam desire your certificate.

Beau. Y'are a stranger sir to me, yet I dare bee engag'd for his forth comming, hee has an honest face.

Man Come hither *Richard*, theres halfe a peece, rub thy eyes woo't, are they open yet?

Clar. I see you plainely now sir, y'are my Masters

ſters cozen, 'tis Maſter *Manley*.

Man. 'Tis your beſt courſe to owne me too; is it ſo long ſince you tooke bribes, ſince you divided and manumisd a crooked chambermaid that robd her Miſtris of old Gold? there was a Lancepreſado ſtript a hedge, when you were out of Linnen; Peuter has been left at the back-doore, when you did ſtudy *Alchymie*; I leave the tricke you ſhew'd the Sailors wife in your Cloſet, when you promis'd a reprieve to her goodman from *Wapping*; I know not that you have run your wither'd motley face into a premunire; doe not know me, why d'ee not charge the conſtable?

Juſt. What is a Juſtice without eyes, I meane ſpectacles? 'tis he indeed, I underſtand, and ſee him perfectly; welcome, a Chaire for my Coſen?

Man. So then. Madam a word with you, I'le make you know me too, ere I ha' done.

Enter Gallard, and Nice.

Juſt. There is a matted Chamber & a Couch—Mere buſineſſe?

Gal. Vere is de matre Juſtice? begar dey have put de ſheare upon me, me expect de riſh vidow, and have marry the chambermaid, ſhe confeſſe dat, Maitre Juſtice, pray take her to your ſelfe, me deſire your varrant, for *Merreſſe Voluble*, dat ſhe bring the vidow *Simplaton* to marry me ſans ceremoine, dat is your commiſſion, or begar me complaine of you to de King.

Juſt. Did you expect the rich widow *Simpleton*? ha, ha! I know this trifle, my Clarke knowes her better

Gal.

Gal. Bergar Matre Juſtice, and Matre Clarke make your diviſion, dat is all you ſee.

Nice. Sir I have onely cauſe to complaine, he told me he was a French Lord, Miſtris *Voluble* ſhall make affidavit, and courted me to be his Lady, and now we are married, he proves but a cinquepace. I look'd for thouſands *per annum*, and he is but one, two, three, foure, and five.

Juſt. How, did he pretend himſelfe to be a Lord? 'tis *Scandalum Magnatum* in the higheſt degree: and by a ſtature *quinquageſimo* of the Queene, if ſhe proſecute, he is to be whip'd, and loſe his eares three ſeverall market dayes.

Ni. How will you divide his Eares into three equall portions?

Gal. Me give a de whip, and me loſe a mine 'ares!

Ni. You heare the law, if I complaine.

Enter Ieere Minor.

1. *Ieer.* Sir —— Miſtris *Voluble* ——

Ju. Is the widow come?

1 *Ieer.* The Gentlewoman is come, and deſires to ſpeake with your worſhip in private.

Enter Clarke.

Cl. The Curat's in the Hall ſir.

Ju. So, ſo, I muſt increase your patience for a few minutes; how I am bleſt! *Exit.*

Gal. Tell a me de trot, have you no Argent, no portion?

Ni. But I have a trade.

New. I dare be ſworne thou haſt.

Gal. Aw dat is ſometing, here is my hand, you no tell a de tale, a me, and me keepe your

Enter Sir William, and Mother.

ſecret

secret by my trot.

Sir *Wil.* I tooke boldnesse Madam upon sight of your Ladiships new Coach at the doore, to entrude and present a poore forsaken servant; give you joy of your old fashion'd young Gentleman.

Man. Your companion wants no antiquity, if she have no Visard on.

Beau. I hope you are not married Sir?

Sir *Wil.* The matters done, and tis more honourable to make a Lady than to marry one. Does any body know this Gentlewoman, she was a widow till this morning, and a rich one I thanke my staires, and wants the subtile art, some Ladyes have to make themselves ridiculous, by doting upon anticks.

Beau. What name has your most reverend Lady?

Sir *Wil.* She was called the wealthy widow of old *Simpleton*, before I married her.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Wil.* What Is't makes you so merry *Mounsieur*?

Gal. Begar some body make arrant asse of de Knight, hold a me, or me shall cracke a my rib wi'de laugh, dat is no *Simpleton*, but an autre Chambermaid, de servant to my vife, begar he be sheated too.

Ni. I must confesse she waited upon me.

Sir *Wil.* How?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Gal. Ma foy dat is certaine, ha, ha, ha!

Moth. I defie her, that was but a plot.

Gal. Begar it was very fine a plot, me have pati-

patience, dat dere be more foole in de comedy.

Moth. Miſtris *Voluble* can juſtifie what I am, that I am, or would I might nere be, a Lady, and I be'nt, that I be'nt.

Enter Iuſtice, and Richard.

Sir *Wil.* I will have Juſtice.

New. You may have him ſir.

Iuſtice The reaſon of this noyſe my right worſhipfull?

Sir *VVil.* Give me a warrant preſently.

Iu. Againſt whom?

Sir *VVil. Voluble*, I'le have her whip'd.

Iu. Wrong not the vertuous Gentlewoman.

Sir *VVil.* Vertuous? vexation.

Man. Why doe you take on ſo, o' my conſcience ſhe is honeſt enough; does this woman looke like a whore?

Moth. I thanke you Gentleman.

Man. She has gravity enough to be a bawde, and then the worſt is paſt.

Iuſt. Is not the widow weight, not perfect ſterling?

Sir *VVil.* This is not the widow.

Iuſt. What widow?

Sir *VVil.* The rich widow *Simpleton*.

Iuſt. I doe believe it, did ſhe promiſe you marriage?

Sir *VVil.* The devills proctor Miſtris *Voluble* made me believe ſo.

Iuſt. Doe not wrong I ſay agen that vertuous Gentlewoman Miſtris *Voluble*, I know her, and know her vertuous, but the rich widow *Simpleton*, you talke of (thankes be to providence) is newly

newly married, the Prieſt hath ſcarce wip'd his oraculous lips, ſince they pronounc'd us, Man

Enter Voluble, and two Ieerers (at one doore) Simpleton, at the other.)

and Wife, in my ſtone Parlour, in good faith la, ſhe's here, her owne tongue will confirme it Gentlemen.

New. Why does ſhe vejle her face.

Iuſt. It is her modeſty, to hide her bluſhes, that I ſhould ſo ſoone prevaile upon her: and thus the morning breakes out of the cloudes.

Simpl. By your leave Landlady, wher's my mother.

Omnes. Miſtris *Voluble*?

Moth. Here's my ſon, he ſhall be a witneſſe I am his mother, I am married to this Knight, and they would perſwade me out of my ſelfe.

Sir *Wil.* 'Tis come about agen, Is this your mother?

Simp. I have asked her bleſſing in my dayes.

Vol. There is no remedy, 'twas your owne Curate did it.

Ieer Give you joy Mr. Juſtice.

Iuſt. Conſpiracy, is there no law for this?

New. Yes, yes, the canon law, and you muſt keepe her.

Vol. Let me obtaine Madam your faire conſtruction, Sir *William* you are ſped to your deſires, and you are fitted *Mounſieur Galliard*, but *Nice*, the Jewells muſt returne to their right owner.

Gal. Excuſe a moy.

Ni. It muſt be ſo, I keepe my wedding ring for thee ſweet heart.

Vol. I aske you pardon ſir, and Miſtris *Lucy*,

I had a plot upon your loves, to endeare young *Simpleton*, in hope your credulous nature, to avoid melancholy, might have beene engag'd to ſome licentious rudeneſſe, and ſo made your ſelf unworthy of her affection, but here I muſt confeſſe I have no skill in ſtarres nor fortune telling, and am but one among the reſt that have deceiv'd your eaſy faith, forgive me, as I wiſh you may thrive in your affections.

New. I am confirm'd.

Beau. Nay then let marriages goe round, with this take both poſſeſſion of my heart and fortunes.

Man. You but inlarge my power to doe you ſervice.

New. Your love, and joyes be conſtant. Mr. *Iuſtice* you muſt embrace Miſtris *Voluble*.

Iu. VVell, I will love thee for thy wit; but no more wandring.

Vol. You wholly ſir ſhall ſteere me, and to invite more welcome from you ſir, I have not liv'd upon the common charity, I have a ſtate is not to be deſpis'd.

Enter Ieere Maior.

Iuſt. Saiſt thou ſo, wee'l put our ſtocks together and live merrily.

New. Will they not take his word? alas poore *Formall*, there, there's their ranſome, bid the whore be honeſt, I'le plead his reconcilement to my Lady.

Ieere Ma. I am gone.

Simp. But d'ee heare, muſt I ha' no wench, at the end of the play? that have taken all this paines? what will you doe with me?

Iuſt. Well remembred, this Lady did accuſe him,

him; though I miſs'd of the Mother, I will make ſure of the ſon, make his warrant for *Newgate* preſently.

Simp. How Sir?

Clark. I know how very well Sir.

Lu. You call'd it love before, I freely pardon him.

Sir *Wil.* Let this Day be conſecrate to peace, and *Hymen*.

Juſt. And the Night to *Venus*; let it be ſo, and thanke this Gentlewoman.

Simp. I thanke you all, and will never truſt a witch for your ſake, I'le goe ſeeke out my wits.

Juſt. Let no man part, ſo many hearts here tid'd,
Stay till we drinke a health to every Bride.

Floriſh ——— *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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The Country CAPTAINE, And the VARIETIE, Two COMEDIES,

Written by a Person of HONOR.

Lately presented by His *MAJESTIES* Servants, at the *Black-Fryers.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Hum*: Robinson at the Three Pidgeons, and *Hum*: Moseley at the Princes Armes in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1649.

twelvemoneth, thou haſt loſt thy complexion, by too much ſtudy. Why thou ſhalt bee an heire and rule the roaſte of halfe a ſhire, if thy Father would but dye once, come to the Aſſiſes with a band of Ianiſaries to equall the grand Signior, all thy tennants ſhall at their owne charge make them ſelfes fine & march, like Cavaliers with tyltinge feathers gaudy as *Agamemnons* in the playe after whom thou like a *St George* on horſe back, or the high Sheriffe, ſhallt make the Country people fall downe in Adoration of thy crupper & ſilver ſturrup, my right worſhipfull. A pox on buckoram and the luggage in it, papers defild with court hand and long daſhes or ſecretary lines, that ſtraddle, more then Frenchmen, and leſſe wholſome to the client! Is thy head to bee fild with *Proclamations Rejoyndere* & hard words beyond the *Alkemiſt*? Be ruld, and live like a fine Gentleman, that may have hawkes, and hounds, and whores; and horſes, and then thou art fit Companie.

Court. You talke wildly; I would you ſaw your error; that plaee all your happineſſe upon ſuch courſe delights I ſhould degenerate, and too much forfeift my education.

Sack. Education? hee has gott a tune; I doe not thinke but thou wilt leave thy law, And exerciſe thy talent in compaſsing ſome Treatiſes againſt *long-hayre & drinkinge* that moſt unchriſtian weede, yclept *Tobacco*; preach to the Punies of the Inne ſobrietie & abſtinence from ſhaving of leawd Bailiffes that

that wil com ſhortly to your chamber doores & there with reverence intreate your Worſhips come forth and bee arreſted: pretious tad-poles: I would not willingly diſpaire of thee; for thy Lands ſake and cauſe I am thy Countryman: one generous vagary, if thou wert wiſe, would breake ſom bodies heard, within a ſeaven night, & then thou art lord of all; have but the grace to dine with me at the Taverne, and I'le tell thy Freinds, there is ſome hope.

Court. My Freinds.

Sack. Thy Father is in Eſſex, if hee live, hee will, purchas Rumford if he dye ſooner, then the Town's our owne, Spend but an acre a day and thou maieſt live till all the world bee weary of thee; betweene, us too, what thinke you of a wench?

Court. Nothinge.

Sack. You meane, one wench betweene us too is nothing; I know a hundred Leverettt; things that will bound like a dancer on the rope, and kiſſe thee in thy naturall Complexion; a ſinner that will climbe thee like a ſquirrell.

Court. And crack me as a nutt; I have no kirnell to ſpare for her ſweete tooth.

Sack. That was a metaphor; he is not deſperate.

Court. Buy' my deere Captaine.

Sack. Why farewell Countryman. I may live to ſee thy converſion. *Exit.*

Enter Footman.

Court. How does my Vncle.

Foot.

Foot. He desires presently to speake with you at his lodging.

Court. I'le attend him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vnderwit and Thomas.

Vnd. And hast thou been carefull of all those thinges I gave in charge to bee provided?

Tho. There is a noate of the particulars.

Vnd. Tis very well done, *Thomas*, let mee see, Inprimis.

Tho. The Captaine will not faile to bee with you Sir, hee was not at his lodging, and enquiring at the horne Taverne, I heard hee had bin there with two or three cittizens that owed him monie.

Vnd. That hee owed monie too.

Tho. Tis all one I thinke; Sir; for when Captaines have not pay, Creditors may pay themselves, here they said, he did mollifie the heart of the habberdasher, & dranke himselfe a little mellow ere they parted which gave me some hope I might finde him ere night, at the devill, where indeede I fetch'd him out of the fire, and gave him your letter.

Vnd. And the gold too.

Tho. That was the first word Hee read, if you had writte it in text, hee could not have fownd it out soe soone, his eye was no sooner on the inside, but his arme flew out with an open month, and his very fingers ends cry'd give me the gold which presuming to bee weight he put into his *hocus pocus* a little dormer under his right skirt, and

and soe taking his word to come downe and turninge over your horse to him, with some caution, not to be drunke and forget your worship, I tooke my leave and went about my Inventory.

Vnd. These thinges are very right *Thomas*, let me see now the bookes of Martiall discipline.

Tho. I bought up all that seeme to have relation to warr and fighting.

Vnd. That was well done: well done; Item the *Sword-salve.*

Tho. Sir if you bee hurt you neede goe no further then the blade for A surgeon.

Vnd. The *Buckler of faith.*

Tho. You had the *swords* before, Sir.

Vnd. A *booke of Mortification.*

Tho. I Sir, that is A kinde of killing, which I thought very necessary for A Captaine.

Vnd. Item the *Booke of Cannons*; *Shakspeares* workes. Why *Shakspeares* workes?

Tho. I had nothing for the Pike men before.

Vnd. They are playes.

Tho. Are not all your musteringes in the Country soe, Sir? pray read on.

Vnd. *Bellarmines* Controversies, in Sixe Tomes.

Tho. That I tooke upon the stationers word, who had been A pretty scholler at *Paules*; for the word *Bellarmine*, he said, did comprehend warr, weapons & words of defiance Ill words provoake men to draw their swords and fightinge makes an end of the businesse

and all this is controversies, pray goe on Sir.

Vnd. Two payre of Tables; Tables? for what?

Tho. Oh Sir for Ticktack; you know it was in my note, which though I doubted at first yet consideringe you were newly made A Captaine I conceave it was fitt you should learne to sett & order your men.

Vnd. Tackticks man; thou didst mistake: they are bookes of warr.

Tho. You cannot know these from bookes as they are painted I warrant you.

Vnd. Why doest thou thinke these will make A Soldier.

Tho. Not of them selves, Sir, and therefore I provided; please you reade on Sir.

Vnd. *Parsons* resolutions; & *Feltams* Resolves.

Tho. All is nothing, I know Sir without resolution.

Vnd. Somma totalis 23. 19. and 7. thou hast undon me.

Tho. If you doe not like the penny worthes; Tis but the charges of my selfe and a horse againe to London: I will loose but the three odd pownds, nynteene shillings & seavenpence. It may bee you doe not understand these Authors; when the Captaine comes, hee will expounde them to you.

Vnd. What a Coxcombe have I to my man? but I dare not bee angry with him, well, carry them into my study; *Thomas*. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Device.

Dev. My most honored Captaine.

Vnd. My compleate Monsieur *Device*: This is a grace to us; you come to visite your Mistresse my couzen:

Enter Lady, Sister, & Dorothey.

And see as if by instinct; shee had knowledge of your approach, shee is come to meet you: shall I never gett opportunitie with that shee waiter. If I gett her with child my man *Thomas* shall marry her.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. Sir the Captaine is newly alighted.

Vnd. Get a botle of sack up to my chamber presently.

Lad. You are a Gentleman of your word.

Sist. And such a Gentleman is to be trusted.

Dev. Hee is an Infidell Madam, that will breake his word with A *Lady*.

Sist. I suspect servant you have many Mistresses.

Dev. Nor by this white hand, I must acknowledge there are some *Ladyes* in the court in whose eyes & opinions I am favor'd; I cannot obscure my selfe from their observations: but my heart with contempt of all other indeferements, is only devoted to your service.

Sist. Is it not a charge to dresse your selfe in such varieties of Ribbands every day?

Dev. Is that your ſcruple? tis the mode to expreſſe our fancy upon every occaſion; to ſhew the turne, or preſent ſtate of our hopes or feares in our affections. Your colours, to an underſtandinge lover, carry the interpretation of the heart, as plainly as wee expreſſe our meaninge one to an other in Characters. Shall I decypher my colours to you now; heere is Azure & peach. Azure is conſtant, and peach is love; which ſignifies my conſtant affection.

Lad. A prettie Morall.

Dev. It ſaves the trouble of writinge, where the Miſtreſſe and ſervant are learned in this Amorous Blazon, yeſterday I wore fuille-mote; greedeline; and Iſabella; fuille-mote is withered, greedeline is abſent, and Iſabella is beauty: which put together expreſt'd, I did wither or languiſh for your abſent beautie.

Siſt. But is there any reaſon for their diſtinctions?

Dev. Yes *Lady* for example, your fuille-mote is a withered leafe; which does morrallize decay; your yellow is joy, becauſe: ---

Lad. Why yeallow Sir is jealous.

Dev. Noe it is your lemon colour, a pale kinde of yeallow is jealous; your yeallow is perfect joye: your white is death, your milke white Innocent, your Black moorninge, your orange ſpightfull, your fleſh colour laſcivious, your maid-bluſh envie, your red is defiance, your gold avaritious, your ſtraw, plentie,

plentie, your grasse greene, hope; your sea greene Innocent, your violett, religious; your willow, forsaken.

Sist. Wee may then committ a solecisme & be strangely interpreted by some curious expounders in the rash election and wearinge of our colours, I perceave.

Lad. Tis pittie but there should bee some bookes written for our instructions in this Art.

Dev. Your Hieroglyphick was th' Ægiptian wisdome. Hebrewes had their Cabali; the Romans had their symbolle; and Imprese, & Embleme, but these are absolute. Your moderne Invention of Character, an Alphabeticall key trite and conspicuous your *mott* or *ribus*, too open, and demonstrative but the science and curiositie of your Ribbands, is not only instructive but an ornament, and the neerest comentator of love, for as love is entertain'd first by the eye, or, to speake more plaine, as the object affected is tooke in first by these opticks, which receave the species of things coloured & beautified, soe it is answerable to nature that in the progresse of our passion wee should distingvish by our eye the change or constancie of our affections, in Apt, and significant colours.

Sist. You have taken paines, to study this learned Blazon.

Dev. It is the only gentile knowledge; or Phylosophy in the world: I will undertake to open any man or womans heart: ---

Lad. Heaven forbidd.

Dev. Tell the most secrett imaginations & designes, conclude every passion and scruple if they be but carefull to observe the Artificiall Method of their Colours.

Sis. Why this may bee a way of fortune tellinge too.

Dev. You saie right *Lady*, Physiognomy & Chiromancy are but meere trifles, your geomancy meere conjecturall, the erection of your scheme circumstantiall, and fallible: but your queint a la Mode weare of your fancy, more then Astrologicall.

Lad. Tis a kinde of divinitie.

Dev. You saie true Madam, & comes neere to propheticall, if the mindes of Ladyes and Gentlemen were elevated to the sublime consideration.

Sis. What paines hee takes to bee ridiculous? *Aside.*

Dor. This Gentleman has a notable fancy, and talkes Poetically.

Sis. Yes; yes; hee can make Verses.

Dor. Well I have red Authors in my dayes and knew the length of the Poets in my time too which was an Hexameter, and which A Pentameter, but the witts are not, as they have been, right and straight.

Sis. Why *Dorothy*.

Dor. Why because winde is the cause of many things, now if the winde bee not in the right corner, it is, the ill winde, the proverbe speakes of, which blowes no body good, for whē vapors and winde flye up into the head it cannot

cannot bee in two places at one time and that is the reason your men of most wit doe seldome love A woman. But heere coms my Master and Sir *Franes*.

Enter sir Richard; Sir Francis and Master Courtwell.

Sir Rich. This is a double honnor to us Sir *Franes*; I shall want Langvage, but not A frendly heart, to entertaine you and your noble Kinsman. What my exquisite Cavaliere *Device*? Tis to no purpose. I see, to remoue into the Countrey, to save charges and bee quiet, the whole Cittie will come hither, if I stay: I have no stomack to my court knight. *Aside.*

Fran. I hope Madam, you will bee no Enemie to my Kinsman.

Lad. Sister I present this Gentleman, observe & cherish him; hee has bin in the universitie.

Sis. Any degree Sir?

Court. Only batchelour, forsooth.

Sir Rich. If he winn you to mariage, *Lady* Quicksillver.

Sis. Hee will bee Master of his Arte.

Sir Rich. My vote is for him.

Dev. I like not the induction of this Rivall.

Sir Rich. Hee studies the law: and that is the next high way to preferment, *Sister*.

Sis. Indeede it is the high way in which some deliver up their purses: he may clymbe to scarlett, but that hee has to good a face:

D.v. Sir, I hope ---

Sir Ric. Troth doe not Sir; I meane trouble your selfe, he is to bashfull to prevaile upon your spirited Mistresse, let's leave them.

Enter Engine.

Engine. Sir *Richard.*

Sir Rich. More Customers; Master *Engine*, welcome. your presence was expected in the Country.

Eng. I was my Ambition with some intents to serve you, Sir, please you vouchsafe your privacie, I bringe affaires worth your entertainement, I have rid hard.

Court. What Cavaliere is this unkle?

Fran. Hee is the inventor of new projectes couzen, they saye, and pattents; one that liues like a moth upon the comon wealth.

Court. He lookes like one.

Sir Ric. You will excuse me gentlemen. Make much of Sir *Francis* Madame. *Exit.*

Fran. Wee'le leave my Nephew and your Sister Madame: And take A turne in the garden. *Exit, with Lady.*

Sist. You may bee confident.

D.v. I doe not like the fancy in his hat: that Gules is warr and will bee ominous. *Exit.*

Court. I must seeme a modest coxcombe now to preserve my uncles Character.

Sist. The Gentleman is turn'd Statue, blesse me how he stares upon me, and takes roote? I thinke it moves, and now to earth is fix'd againe; oh how it walkes and sadly marches this

this way? Is't not a ghoſt? hee'le fright me; oh; ſweet Sir, ſpeake if you can and ſaie who murdered you: it pointes at me: my eyes, ungentle eyes to kill ſoe at firſt ſight, I'le have my lookes Arraign'd for't & ſmall cupid ſhall bee judge who for your ſake will make me blinde, as hee is.

Court. Lady

Siſt. The man is a live againe and has A tounge, diſcretion guide it; hee but ſent his ſoule forth of an Errant; tis return'd; now wee ſhall have ſome ſentences.

Court. Such, are the ſtrange varieties of loue, Such heates, ſuch deſperate colds --

Siſt. No more winter if you loue me; unleſſe you can command the coale pitts; wee have had a hard time of it already, for want of fuell

Court. I'm all turn'd eares, and, *Lady*, long to heare you;

But, preſſing to you, doubt I am to neare you.
Then I would ſpeake but cannot, nought affords
Expreſſion, the Alphabet's to poore in words.
Hee that knowes loue knowes well that every hower
Love's glad; love's ſweete ---

siſt And ſometimes ſower;

Theſe wordes would goe well to a Tune, pray let's heare you ſinge: I doe not thinke but you can make; mee A Jointure of foure Nobles a yeare in ballads, in lamentable ballads, for your witt lyes Tragicall, did not you make the *Ladyes downfall*? you expreſſe

a paſsion rarely, but pray leave your coup-
pletts, and ſay ſomthinge in blanke verſe
before you goe.

Court. Before I goe; breath not that kil-
linge Langvage;
There is no Sun but in your eyes: and when
I once take leave of thoſe Celeſtiall beames
Tis darkneſſe through the world.

Siſt. Oh; pittifull; if I were a widdow then
you'd keepe me waking for feare I ſhut my
eyes, and your diſcretion looſe the way
home.

Court. Where ſtrech'd on ſable grownd, I
downe ſhall lay
My mournefull body, and with foulded
Armes:
Heare ſadder notes upon the Iriſh harpe;
And while my Footman playes; ſigh out my
part,
And drop diviſion with my briniſh teares.

Siſt. This muſt bee lamentable muſique ſure.

Court. But I will finde an Art to cure this
wound;
For I with fancies pencill, will ſo draw
Your picture in the table of my heart
Your abſence ſhall but like darke ſhaddowes
ſtand,
To ſett you of, and ſee you, *Lady* better
Then love wil let me when I looke upon you.

Siſt. Could this bee true and meant, ſweete
Sir, to me;
I ſhould be kinder then the gentleſt ſpring
That warmes the world, & makes feirce
beaſts ſoe tame

And

And trees to swell themselves to cheerefull greene
More jocond then the proudest Quire of birdes,
What ere they bee, that in the woods soe wide
Doe singe their merry catches.
Sure hee does but counterfeit. *Aside.*

Court. Oh now I see that love
Is sweete; as flowers in their fragrant birth,
Gentle as silk; and kinde as cloudes to earth.

Sist. One rithme more and you undoe my loue for ever, out upon it; Peddlers French is a Christian language to this. I had rather you should put me a case out of Littleton: they saye you are a prettie lawyer.

Court. Tennant par la curtesy d'Angliterre, est lou home prent famme seise en fee simple est fee taile generall en seise comme heire de la taile especial & ad Issu per la mesme feme male ou female ūpes on nise soit Issue apres mort ou en diu de la feme devie la baron tiendra la terra durant sa vie per le ley d'Angliterre.

Sist. Nay heere is enough in conscience: what a noyse this confusion of Languages makes; this is almost as good as A beare baytinge, harke you Sir, you are never like to recover me by law.

Court. You are not the first sweete *Ladye*; has ben overcome in common law.

Sist. Not by ten thowsand, Sir: Confessed, but I have no minde to come to Issue with A lawyer: whenhee should consider my case at

home, hee'le be at Westminster teaching men theire statutes! no; no; I will not marry a Judge.

Court. Why *Lady.*

Sist. They are casuall thinges and men that hold such strange opinions. they are not safe; no, not in their owne lambskins.

Court. Lady you may bee misinform'd; Astræa hath not quite left the earth and the Abuses of some, which shame the callinge, are but like patches of beautie on the face of law to sett the Native whiteneſſe off.

Sist. Farewell; Sir; you are in loue with a bar'd Gowne, not beauty; if you will follow my learn'd counsell, leave it. This younge thinge is a foole or a fine fellow. *Exit.*

Court. Shee kicks and flinges out like a colt unwayd. Her witt's a better portion then her monie I would not love her, yet, if I could helpe it. (My Vnkle and his Mistresse) I'le not hinder them. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis and the Lady.

Lad. It is no honour, Sir, if Arm'd with so much eloqnence, you overcome A woman; I blush to say I loue you now too much. I wish you would release what your Sweete charmes wonn from my toungue: I shall repent my promise.

Fran. Make me not miserable after soe much blessinge. Why, Madame, it is upon honorable tearmes since not upō the first attempt, but, after a tedious seige to your faire loue, you give up what shall enrich us both:

It were A ſinn to feare you can retract what both our lipps have ſeald, and looſe a happineſſe ſo neere & ſo ſecure; your husband holds his pleaſure of early huntinge conſtant, and when hee perſues his timorous hart to morrow morninge, Cupid will wayte, to bringe me to Elizium, your bedd, where every kiſſe will new create us.

Lad. You muſt bee wiſe in your excuſe to quitt his importunitie.

Fran. Leave that to me. I were not worth the name of him that ſerv'd you to loſe my glorious hope for want of ſuch a thin *Device*; In your thought wiſh mee proſperous & I am fortified againſt the power of fate to ſeparate us; and when thou art with in the Amorous Circle of myne Armes, wee will make lawes to love, teach time new Actions, or chaine him with the cordadge of his haire; like a tame thing to wake and watch our pillow; and bee our pleaſures centenell.

Lad. I ſee my husband, tis not ſafe hee ſhould obſerve us. Bee wiſe & conſtant. *Exit.*

Fran. All thats ſweete attend thee. Soe; I am ſaylinge now to my owne Indies and ſee the happie coaſt too; how my winges doe ſpread to catch the winde which coms to cover them. And the greene ſea enamord on my barke, doth leape to ſee how cupid ſits, at the helme & ſteeres my ſoule to his new world.

Enter Sir Richard and Engine.

Sir Rich. A monopoly, ſay you, for periwiggs!

Fran.

Fran. Bin visitinge your grounds?

Sir Rich. My hounds rather, Sir *Francis*, and some horses, that takes up my Country recreations; tis Supper time.

Eng. Ist not a rare designe? and by such Art and reasons I can name most beneficiall to the common wealth, preventing the diseases which some unwholesome haire breedes in mens heads. It will bee worth our agitation Sir, & you after the rate of every thowsand *per Annum* milkt out of the common purse into your owne, may easily defalke to me a hundred for my first projection; did I not love you, Sir, I could make coine of other *Abell* men that would bee glad to multiply their mony.

Sir Rich. Sir I thanke you, but have no mind to thriue upon abuse of my princes favour, nor the Peoples curse. Heere is a Gentleman; Sir *Francis Courtwell*, perhaps, will undertake it.

Fran. What; Sir *Richard*?

Sir Rich. A monopoly for composing and selling of periwiggs.

Fran. Excuse me Sir, I dare not deale in them; doe not you heare things of this nature questioned?

Eng. How Sir questioned?

Fran. There's one among the rest, I cannot hitt upon his name in faire election to be hanged, one *Engine*.

Eng. Oh Sir.

Fran. What ayle you Sir?

Eng. A meagrim in my head.

Enter

Enter Servante & Thomas.

Sir Rich. Who's there? looke to Maſter *Engine* here, hee faints, & ſend to your *Lady* for ſome cordiall waters preſently.

Tho. There is a ſoveraine well hard by, has done ſtrange cures, pleaſe you; I'le throw him into that. *Exit.*

Sir Rich. Though I diſtaſte his buſineſſe, I would not hee ſhould miſcarry heere, you frighted him. Tis ſupper time, I ſhall expect your company in the morninge, Sir *Francis*: I have a pack of doggs will make the forreſt ringe.

Fran. I'le carefully attend Sir: as early as you pleaſe I love the ſport too.

Sir Rich. I wiſh wee had all pleaſures to delight you; but nothing wants in my true love to ſerve you.

Fran. Yet I muſt cuckold him, I cannot helpe it. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Sir Richard and his Lady in Bedd Enter Thomas (with Sir Richards boots.)

Tho. Sir.

Sir Rich. Who is that? *Thomas?*

Th. The Sunn is up before you Sir, heere bee

bee your bootes.

Sir Rich. That's well.

Lad. Prithee doe not riſe, it is hardly day, Sirra, who bid you call him ſoe early? Sir *Richard* will not riſe yet.

Tho. I cannot help it, tis none of my fault.

Lad. Where is *Dorothy*.

Dor. Heere, Madame; what make you up ſoe ſoone, *Thomas*.

Tho. Oh Miſtris *Dorothy* tis even longe of you for betweene ſleepe and wake your remembrance came to me this morninge, and *Thomas* was up preſently.

Sir Rich. You muſt excuſe me; I meane to kill a brace of hares before you thinke tis day. Come, on with my bootes. *Thomas*; And *Dorothy* goe you to Sir *Francis* chamber tell him the day growes old & I am ready: our horſes & our merry houndes expect us. *Exit Dorith.*

Lad. Any excuſe to leave me.

Sir Rich. You may take your eaſe in bedd ſtill Madam, I'le not looſe one morninge, that invites ſoe pleaſantly, to heare my Doggs, for a new mayden-head. Twas for theſe ſportes and my exceſſe of charge I left the Towne; beſides the Cittie foggs and ſteame of brickhills almoſt ſtifled me. This Aire is pure, and all myne owne.

Tho. My *Lady* meanes ſhee would have you gett an other *Haire* Sir for your land, though, it bee againſt my Maſter the younge Captaine yet thee ſpeakes but reaſon and now I talke of the Captaine, Sir, would you had given him councell.

Sir

Sir Rich. To what.

Tho. Before hee tooke this huffinge trade upon him to have been a man of peace, I meane, a Juſtice, nature has made him fitt for both a like; hee is now at charge to keepe a Captaine Schoolemaſter: he might have ſav'd the Quarteridge of his Tutor if I had been his clarke, and then the in come that broaken heads bring in; and New yeares giftes from ſoadred virgins and their ſhee Provincialls whoſe warren muſt bee licenc'd from our Office. ---

Sir Rich. Away you pratinge knaue; what is hee ready?

Enter Dorth.

Dor. Alas hee's almoſt dead.

Sir Rich. How dead?

Dor. Hee has bin troubled with a fitt of the ſtone Sir, all this night poore Gentleman, hee groanes & ſweates & cannot: --

Sir Rich. What?

Dor. Make vrine Sir.

Tho. I heard my *Lady* has an excellent receipt to cure the ſtone. Shee is a peece of a rare ſurgeon.

Sir Rich. Well away and gett the horſes ready; firra; or I ſhall ride you and your witt together.

Tho. Alas any foole may ride mee, but I would faine ſee any man ride Miſtris *Dorothy.* *Exit.*

Dor. How Sirra.

Sir Rich. I am ſorry I muſt leave ſuch a companion but more lament the cauſe, I wiſh him

him health: my preſence cannot ſerve him, morrow wife, I will not loſe my ſport. *Exit.*

Dor. Nor ſhee; when you are gone; my *Lady* does expect an other *hunts upp*

Dad. Now I muſt truſt thy ſervice.

Dor. You ſhall not doubt me; Madam; and to aſſure you my faith, I have a ſuite to your Ladiſhip whoſe grant, were there noe other bonds upon me, would tye me to everlaſtinge ſilence.

Lad. What is't, but name it and I ſhall ſoone confirme thee

Dor. Our Captaine of the traine band has bin offeringe to chaffer Mayden-heads with me, I muſt confeſſe I can affect the foole, upon good tearmes, & could deviſe to looze my Amorous woodcock if you aſſiſt mee privatly, and dare truſt mee with ſome Iewell of price, that is not knowne, which ſhall bee faithfully reſtored, Madame.

Lad. I that dare truſt my honnour with thee, ſhall not ſuſpect thy faith in any treaſure elſe, chuſe from my cabbinet, but, prithee, draw the curtaines while I expect this freind, I needs muſt hide my bluſhes thou maiſt diſcover from my gallery window when they are horſed, I tremble, to conſider what I have promiſed.

Dor. Tremble to meete a ghoſt; you are more fearefull then a Virgin, Madame; why this ſetts me a longinge, but I'le watch: this is the timorous world of fleſh & bloud. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir Richard.

Lad. Alas what doe you meane? retire for heavens sake: my husband is not gone, I heard his voice yet, this rashnesse will undoe my fame for ever, should hee returne.

Sir Rich. Howe's this? retire for heavens sake, my husband is not gone, I heard his voice this will undoe my fame. It was my wife and this is sure my bed chamber. *Shee looks out.*

Lad. I have undone my selfe, it is my husband.

Sir Rich. My forehead sweates: where are you: Madame: whom did you talke too, or take me for? Ha; a sleepe already; or doe I dreame; I am all wonder: Madame.

Lad. Nay; nay kill him; if it please you; sweete heart, I cannot abyde a blacke-moore *Layes sleeping.*

Sir Rich. How's, this? wife.

Lad. Helpe, helpe, deare husband strangle him with one of my lute strings; doe, doe, doe.

Sir Rich. If shee bee a sleep, shee was not wont to talke thus. She has had some hideous dreame, shee spake to me, too. Who should I strangle sweete hart, with a lute stringe?

Lad. The kinge of Morocco I thinke.

Sir Rich. It is soe, shee dreames, what strange chymæras wee fancy in our sleepe: I were best wake her, Madame, Madame.

Lad. Oh Murder, Murder.

Sir Rich. Sweete harte, Madame, wake.

Lad. What's that? Sir

Sir Rich. Tis I.

Lad. Sir *Richard*? ôh, you have delivered mee from such a dreame I quake to thinke upon it.

Sir Rich. I must confesse you frighted mee at first.

Enter Dorothy.

Dor. My Master come back? if hee had foumde the sick Sir *Francis* heere.

Sir Rich. How, now, art thou frighted, too.

Dor. Frighted quoth a; ô Madame; the key of the closett, quickly, I must have some cordiall water for Sir *Francis* I feare this fit will kill him.

Lad. Alasse good Gentleman make hast.

Dor. His appearance would betray all Thus prevented. *Exit.*

Lad. Nay sweete heart, you shall not leave me till I told what a cruell dreame I had, me thought a kinge of blackamoores was in love with me, and havinge, by flatteringe courtship drawne me to his bed chamber, by my consent, or force, swore to enjoy me. I knew not by what reasons to divert the Ravisher; but told him that I hearde my voice, I bid him if hee lou'd his life retire, for thou wouldst, (deare,) revenge my honnour, but hee persuinge mee, I cryd out murther and having nere a sword, I councelld thee to strangle him with a lute stringe; for which cruelty of myne me thought hee threw an Arrowe at mee, which

if

if thou hadſt not wak'd mee as thou didſt would, as I ſlept; with my ſtrong feares have killed me.

Sir Rich. This was the kinge of Moroco; well, I am glad I came to take away thy fright.

Lad. But, ſweete, you left me, with a reſolution to hunt this morninge, have you done already?

Sir Rich. The theeves prevented me, my ſtable has bin robd to night; two geldings & my Roane nagg are vaniſhed.

Lad. How?

Sir Rich. Nay doe not thou vex; I have ſent Hue and cry that may overtake them; but come I'le leave thee to thy glaſſe, and viſit Sir *Francis*, now ſhee is return'd. How does your Noble gueſt? *Enter Dorothy.*

Dor. Hee is pretty well, Sir Hee has voided one ſtone ſince and now findes eaſe.

Sir Rich. Tis well, attend your Miſtris. *Exit.*

Lad. Oh wench; I had almoſt undone my ſelfe, come on the other ſide, reach me that petticote. I le tell thee the ſtory as I make me ready. *Exeunt.*

Enter Siſter and Device.

Siſt. Is it poſsible you can talke thus, and bee no Scholler?

Dev. I have travell'd in my fancy: tooke the Aire about the world with the muſes, and doe for my recreation of witt, compoſe ſome wonders, in Verſe, Poeticall Eſſaies: as one upon report of a heate that was in Ægipt.

Siſt.

Sis. Let's heare them.

Dev. In Countryes I have been;
Vnder the Æquinoctiall, where I have seene
The Sun disperse such a prodigious heate
That made our five-like skinns to raine with sweate:
Men would have given, for an Eclipse, their lives
Or one whisper of Aire, yet each man striues
To throw up grasse, feathers; nay women too
To finde the winde, all falls like lead, none blew,
The dogg starr spitts newfire, till't came to passe
Each eye became his neighbours burninge glasse.
Leane men did turne to Ashes presently
Fatt men did roast to leane Anatomy.
Young womens heate did gett them selves with child
For none but they them selves, them selves defild:
Old women naturally to witches turn'd
And only rubbinge one an other, burnd.
The beastes were bakt, skin turn'd to crust they say
And fishes in the river boild away
Birds in the Ayre were rosted, and not burnd
For, as they fell downe, all the way, they turn'd.

Sis. Most excellent.

Dev. I have seene Larkes in that motion
at fire with an *Engine* of packthread perpendicular.

Sis.

Sist. What would they have given for a ſhower in thoſe Countreys.

Dev. Now you talke of a ſhower, you ſhall heare another Coppy of Verſes that I made of a mightie raine which fell once in the Indies.

Sist. That you made? if you will venture your lungs let me heare ſome more impoſſible ſtories to paſſe away the time.

Dev. Heaven did not weepe, but in its ſwellinge eye
Whole ſeas of rheume and moiſt catharrs did lye
Which ſo beſpauld the lower world men ſee
Corne blaſted, and the fruite of Every tree,
Ayre was condens'd to water gainſt their wiſh
And all their fowle was turn'd to flyinge fiſh.
Like watermen they throung'd to plye a faire
And thought it had bin navigable Ayre.
Beaſtes loſt the naturall motion of each lymme.
Forgot to goe with practiſinge to ſwimme.
A trowte now heere, you would not thinke
How ſoone
Tane ready, dreſt for the Empreſſe of the Moone.
The fixed ſtarrs, though to our eyes were miſſinge
Wee knew yet were by their continuall hiſſinge
Women were Mermaydes ſaylinge with the winde,
The greateſt miracle was fiſh behinde.

But

But men were all kept chaſt againſt their wiſh
And could comitt but the cold ſin of fiſh.

Siſt. And that ſinn would puzzell all the civill lawyers in the Kingdome. Sins of the fleſh they are perfect in, they know well enough what belongs to Adultery & ſimple fornication; but you would much improue and oblidge the practice of the court if you could bringe this ſinn of fiſh under their comiſsion. But now I hope the rayne is over; and wee ſhall have faire weather.

Dev. Now can I tell you *Lady*, what a ſtrange froſt was in one part of the world

Siſt. I ſhall cry out fire if you doe: I'ld rather have ſome diſcourſe to keepe me warme.

Dev. Or how the whole world was troubled with the wind collick.

Siſt. No more Earth quakes I beſeech you: ſome frends of myne loſt a great deale of Land the laſt tearme & for ought I know, tis never to bee recoverd. Why all theſe Verſes you have honored me to heare, were tranſlated out of French.

Dev. You ſay very trew *Lady*.

Siſt. Noe, noe; they are out of Spaniſh as I remember.

Dev. I thinke it bee out of Spaniſh indeede.

Siſt. Or elſe out of the Italian.

Dev. Troath Madame; I know not which very well.

Siſt. And yet you made them: ſome Gentlemen have the facultie to make Verſes, and forgett

forgett what Language, was the Originall. tis a la Mode, I confesse. Sir.

Dev. There is the mischeefe in Poetry; A man might have told a hundred lyes in prose upon his owne name and never miscarry; but leavinge these lewd Rymes, *Ladv*, how doe you like the Novice that Sir *Richard* comended.

Sist. Master *Courtwell*?

Dev. Is he not a pretty Chrysome; I could not Choose but laugh to observe in what rurall deportment he came to salute you that should have made his addresse in these postures: ---

Sist. It is enough, Sir, I apprehend what you would doe: the truth is, touching that thinge in black; I doe not love him.

Dev. I know tis impossible.

Sist. Why is it impossible? The man is a prettie indifferent meaninge man but I must have one of a more Active spiritt: noe, noe; the man is a coward.

Dev. Hee lookes like one.

Sist. I put him to it, hee dares not fight, and hee that expects my favor to soe high a degree as Marriage, must bee none of my Lord Mayors whiffelers; he must be valiant in Armes; I am not taken with a ringe or a Carkenett as some avaricious *Ladyes*: hee that presents me with the sword of his rivall, is more welcome then all the silken soft natur'd 600. a yeare widgeons that will bee baffl'd in their best cloathes; and goe downe into the Country every vacation, like At-

torneys to bee beaten againſt the next tearme, & get damages by it. But I forget ſome affaires that concernes me, & take my leave: your deſertes upon mee are eminent and many; and for all your noble ſervices, I will promiſe you nothing, you apprehend me. --

Dev. Tis too much, ſweete *Lady.*

Siſt. I am ſo weary I can ſtay no longer with you. *Exit.*

Dev. You make me over happie, ſoe; ſoe; the matters done. I may viſite my freinds; hum! well thought upon, I ſhall leaveher Joyes with out any bound to entertaine me, if I firſt beate this fooliſh rivall of mine, and preſent her with his ſword; ſhee aſſures me hee dares not fight: it ſhall bee ſoe, thus with one baffeling and diſarminge him I ſhall ſecure my Miſtreſſe; and get the reputation of a fighting Cavalier, which may ſave me many knocks heere after, among men of ſtronge faith, that ſhall heare how much honour I have elſe where taken up upon the Tickett. *Exit.*

Enter Vnderwitt & Sackbury.

Vnd. Stand right to your files, -- Make even your rankes, -- Silence -- Front to the right hand, -- As you were, -- To the right hand about, -- By the left hand, as you were, -- Rankes -- To the right, double -- Rankes as you were, -- Rankes to the left double, -- Middle men to the right hand double the front, -- Middle men to the

right

right intire, double the front -- Files to the right; -- To the left, -- To the right hand -- Counter march to the right -- To the left -- Wheele about. ---

Sack. *Rantan*! enough, you muſt not, waſte your lunges at once; march faire and make a Captaine. When theſe wordes of command are rotten, wee will ſow ſome other military ſeedes; you beare a braine and memory.

Vnd. I hope ſoe.

Sack. And now you are choſen a Captaine for the Country, you muſt give good example to your ſouldiers, and cheriſh nature: after excerciſe you muſt drinke ſack; ſack is a fortifier. Come wee'le to the Towne.

Vnd. With all my heart; *Enter Maſter Court.* Heere is one Maſter *Courtwell* let us take him with us.

Sack. My coſtiue Countryman; he's an Anabaptiſt, hee will not drinke, and yet hee kiſt the cupp oft; laſt night, me thought, when his miſtris dranke to him. Wee'le try; how is't, my man of morall breedinge?

Court. My man of warr, *Treſbone*; your ſervant, Captaine.

Sack. Why this was ſpoake like one of us, can'ſt doe't againe? thy voice is more Authentick, ſownds as I have heard a Cavalier in a Taverne; or like the merry Maſter of the dragon. Smale Neptune, that comptroules the rich Canaries when hee commands the Tritons of his celler; ſcud and bringe wine you varletts, with a flavour for my Nobil-